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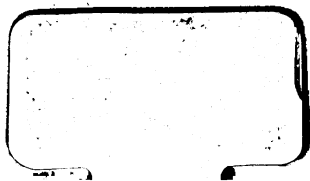
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HYMNS OF LIFE AND PEACE

J. DENHAM SMITH

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HYMNS OF LIFE AND PEACE



HYMNS
OF
LIFE AND PEACE

BY
J. DENHAM SMITH



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HYMNS OF LIFE AND PEACE.

PERFECT REST.

“This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.”—John iii. 17.

My God ! what perfect rest is Thine !
Thy rest is in Thy Son ;
'Tis all unspeakable—divine,
Thy rest and mine are one.
Inside the circle of Thy love,
Joined to His Life I am above.
How sweet with Thee, my God, to share
The joy which is Thy portion there !

My Jesus, Lord, in Thee I rest ;
Thou bidst me rest in Thee ;
My welcome to Thy loving breast
Is Thy dear thought of me.
The peace which thus I have above
Rests on Thy *deep, unchanging* love :
Oh, then, my soul, but rest the more,
Nor yield to sin or Satan's power.

A

God finds, Thou spotless one, in Thee
Where all perfections dwell,
All that His heart could wish for me—
All that He e'er could tell.
He finds me ransomed, righteous, fair,
Where all His joys transcendent are ;
He finds me perfect for His praise,
His glory through eternal days.

Oh, strange, that I should ever leave
Such place of love in Thee ;
That I should e'er Thy Spirit grieve,
Or from Thy presence flee ;
To turn to creature joy for rest
Is but to wander from Thy breast ;
Yielding to sin's enticing snare
But mars my sweet abidance there.

Oh ! keep me then, dear, loving Lord,
Abiding in Thee still ;
In deep communion through Thy word
Thy life in me fulfil.
Dark shadows here are all around,
I'm only safe as in Thee found :
Soon and for ever on Thy breast
Will be my long eternal rest.

GOD rests in His Son, and we must rest in the same. He finds all He needs for us in Him, and we knowing this have settled rest. But there is no settled rest where there is no settled peace. The moment we begin to build our peace on anything in ourselves, we lose it. And this is why so many have not peace. Nothing can be lasting which is not built on God alone. Do we ask in what way we may have settled peace? We can have it only in God's own way. By not resting on anything, even the Spirit's work within us, but on what Christ has done for us. Then we shall know peace — conscious unworthiness, but yet peace. In Christ alone, God sees that, for us, in which He can rest, and so it is with His saints. The more we see the extent and the nature of the evil which is within, as well as that which is without and around, the more we shall find that what Christ is, and what Christ did, and what He is still doing, and will yet do, is the only ground on which we can have perfect rest.

A SONG OF ABIDING.

"In Him is no sin. Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not."—1 John iii. 5, 6.

ABIDE in Thee, in that deep love of Thine,
My Jesus, Lord, Thou Lamb of God divine !
Down, closely down, as living branch with tree,
I would abide, my Lord, my Christ, in Thee,
And Thou in me.

Abide in Thee, my Saviour-God, I know
How love of Thine, so vast, in me may flow ;
My empty vessel running o'er with joy,
Now overflows to Thee without alloy,
My best employ.

Abide in Thee, nor doubt, nor self, nor sin
Can e'er prevail with Thy blest life within ;
Joined to Thyself, communing deep, my soul
Knows nought besides its motions to control,
Thou hast my whole.

Abide in Thee, dear hiding-place secure !
May oft deep purging for my sins ensure ;
But branch, when pruned, is nearest to the hand,
Though bleeding much, 'tis what Thy love hath planned,
Shall I withstand ?

Abide in Thee, 'tis thus I inly know
The *secrets* of *Thy mind* e'en while below ;
All joy and peace, all knowledge of Thy Word,
All power and fruit in service for the Lord,
It doth afford.

Abide in Thee, *one life* is mine and Thine ;
All fulness that's in Thee is counted mine ;
As branch must bear the life-fruit of the tree,
So thus to show Thyself, Thou needest me,
As I need Thee.

“ IN HIM is no sin. Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not.”
1 John iii. 5, 6. Not that we have *no* sin ; for that would imply
absolute perfection, and would be contrary to the Word. “ If
we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is
not in us.” What the passage says, is, that “ whosoever
ABIDETH in Him, sinneth not.” The word “ abideth ” is the
chief one in the sentence, and determines its meaning, namely,

that *abiding* in Him (in communion) *absolutely* we do not sin. The evil root, sin in the flesh, and Christ are alike in us. If our souls are joined to the evil root, sin will be the result ; but if to Christ (in communion) we shall not sin ; this is the plain statement. The two Scriptures must be taken together. " In Him is no sin ; " and " whosoever *abideth in Him* sinneth not." The truth is that, joined in communion to Him, from Him can come no sin.

The doctrine, then, I believe to be, that the soul abiding in Christ will not *actively sin* ; being alive unto God, we are dead to sin ; sin in the flesh will not only have *no dominion* over us, but for the time (would that it were always) it will *lie in abeyance*, its deeds *mortified*. The soul for the time, whilst in communion, is occupied with Christ, and only Christ can *flow forth through it*.

This surely sheds light on John xv., where the Vine is Christ, and saints are the branches. Their true condition is to ABIDE in Christ, as branches in the Vine. If they *do*, fruit from Christ will flow forth through them. If not, the blessed connexion for the time is lost, and there can be *no fruit*. They are like dead branches, which the Lord declares are worthless. It is as if He had said, " You know men's estimate of *dead* branches, and what they do with them. Fit only for the burning, they cast them into the fire." Not that *saints* are to be cast into the fire ; but that the casting into the fire shows how useless for fruit the dead branches are. So the saint is utterly *useless* for service, unless he be *abiding* in Christ. Let him lose his communion (the deep connexion which his soul has with Christ in communion), and at once he ceases to bear fruit. A tube, for example, is useless to give sweet water, unless applied to the sweet spring. Let it be applied to a bitter spring, and

it will give forth bitter water. So if the soul be applied to the flesh, or we walk according to the flesh, the result will be corruption. If in realised communion we are occupied with Christ, the result will be according to Him. Such rendering of these passages leaves us without the difficulty of putting any construction on them other than what they plainly and absolutely say, namely,—that if we *abide in Christ we sin not*; and that if we abide in Christ, *we shall have fruit*.

This does not involve Christian perfection; for sin, the evil root or spring, *is still in us*, and if *allowed*, would act as ever. Sin, *in us*, is never *absolutely* dead. One of Paul's holiest moments was when he had just emerged from the third heaven; yet it was then a thorn in the flesh was given him, *lest he should be exalted above measure*; that is, lest he should *sin*. No exercise of faith on our part can do away with fact, the fact being that sin is still in us, as Paul says in Galatians: "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh." It is never subject to *the law of God*; therefore is never changed. Nor does it come of *our* crucifying the flesh. We are never told to crucify the flesh. We are told to *mortify*, which supposes evil still to exist; it was crucified, that is, *judicially* dealt with, at the cross by Christ, who endured its curse and bore its doom. *But this happy condition of fruit-bearing, and in which sin is in abeyance, comes of our living the life which flows into us whilst in communion with Christ*; as Paul says, "I live; yet not I, *but Christ liveth in me*." It is not an abiding for salvation, but for personal holiness, for fruit-bearing—for manifesting the life of Christ which is already in us. This is of immense practical value, as our Lord shows.

First, it is of value *to Him*. The vine has no way of showing its life or its fruit but through the branches; Christ has no

way of showing His fulness but through His members; as Paul says of "the church, which is His body, the *fulness* of Him that filleth all in all."

It is of value to us: as He says, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." It is whilst we are abiding in Him that the Spirit begets prayer in us, the answer to which is *sure*. The same as to *joy*; joined to Him, as the tube to the spring, His *joy* flows into us, as He says: "That my joy may remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Same as to His love. Moreover, abiding in Him, in the power of a conscious communion with Him, whatever we receive we can speak of. "Ye also," says the blessed Lord, "shall bear witness, because ye have been with me."

How important, beloved, is this, for a single word spoken whilst the soul is in its blest *realization of Christ*, will have more power than volumes of words when the soul is *not* in that realization. This is the great lack in the present day. Anything which comes from a saint who is out of communion, may be counted by *us* as service, or work; but it is *without power* and without *blessing*, and fit only for the burning.

As to sin—and alas! how careless are many believers even, respecting sin—it is evident, in such abiding in Him, it must be for the time in *abeyance*; though, of course, the measure of our abidance, even at best, is so low that we must ever fail or fall short of the Divine glory. Oh, the immense importance then, beloved, of true communion! An importance ever the same, for all our thoughts and words and actions will be either full or empty of Christ, as we are, or are not, in communion, and our own true blessedness in the divine life will correspond with the same.

ONENESS WITH CHRIST.

"As He is, so are we."—1 John iv. 7.

Just as Thou art—how wondrous fair,
Lord Jesus, all Thy members are !
A life divine to them is given—
A long inheritance in heaven.

Just as I *was* I came to Thee,
An heir of wrath and misery ;
Just as *Thou art* before the throne,
I stand in righteousness Thine own.

Just as Thou art—how wondrous free !
Loos'd by the sorrows of the tree :
Jesus! the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To give Thy saints this life divine.

Just as Thou art—nor doubt, nor fear,
Can with Thy spotlessness appear ;
O timeless love ! as Thee I'm seen
The "righteousness of God in Him."

Just as Thou art—thou Lamb divine !
Life, light, and holiness are Thine :
Thyself their endless *source* I see,
And *they*, the life of God in me.

Just as Thou art—O blissful ray !
That turn'd my darkness into day ;
That woke me from my death of sin,
To know my perfectness in Him.

O teach me, Lord, this grace to own,
That self and sin no more are known ;
That love—Thy love—in wondrous right,
Hath placed me in its spotless light.

Soon, soon, 'mid joys on joys untold,
Thou wilt this grace and love unfold,
Till worlds on worlds adoring see
The part Thy members have in Thee.



A PICTURE of this fact, viz., that self and sins, though, alas ! still known by us, are not allowed before God, is seen in the returned prodigal. Not an atom or a thread of what was on the prodigal in the old country, the far-off land, could be worn at the table, or be seen by the friendly and loving eye of the father. This is a great truth for the soul to know, and precious as great. The garments, we are to infer, *were* outside, just as

our sins, we know, are often present with us in the pilgrimage. But for the prodigal to foist *them* inside, instead of "the best robe!" would be to derange the whole scene; the very joy of the father would be broken, and "the music and dancing" would cease.

The truth is, that, *as sinners*, we come to Christ *just as we are*—guilty, miserable, sinful, in all the rags and wretchedness of our condition *as sinners*. But when, on believing, we have received CHRIST, *we are before God as He is*, righteous, accepted, holy *in Him*; the rags of self and sin are left outside, whilst *inside* there is nothing save Christ—the best robe only, which now is ours. The calm knowledge of this may arrest many a doubt, many a fear which may arise out of a melancholy tendency to look upon *self* which God has rejected, and to lose sight of Christ whom he has accepted, and who for us is always before God in perfectness, in righteousness, and in rest. The eye seeing this, soon affects the heart, which finds all its wants and its longings fully met in Christ, with whom we now are, and in whom we are complete, perfect for ever.

"Blessed, glorious word 'for ever!'

Yea, 'for ever' is the word;

Nothing can the ransomed sever,

Nought divide them from the Lord."

Nothing less than this is the Gospel, that in the presence of God "all is rest, and rest for ever." Nothing can disturb it, because there is nothing allowed there that could disturb it. It is the inner circle of the Divine presence of which we speak, where there can be nothing that is contrary to God. And the rest arises out of the fact that "all is perfectness above;" "there is no night there," no sin, no self, no sorrow, no death, but completeness, perfectness, acceptance in Christ.

OUR HEAVENLY TITLE.

“Accepted in the Beloved.”—Ephesians i. 6.

Rise, my soul! behold, 'tis Jesus,—
Jesus fills thy wondering eyes;
See Him now, in glory seated,
Where thy sins no more can rise.

There, in righteousness transcendent,
Lo! He doth in heaven appear,
Shows the *Blood of His atonement*,
As *thy title to be there*.

All thy sins were laid upon Him,
Jesus bore them on the tree;
God, who knew them laid them on Him,
And, believing, *thou art free*.

God now brings thee to His dwelling,
Spreads for thee His feast divine,
Bids thee welcome, ever telling
What a portion there is thine.

In that circle of God's favour
(Circle of the Father's love),
All is *rest—and rest for ever,—*
All is perfectness above.

Blessed, glorious word "*for ever!*"
Yea, "*for ever*" is the word;
Nothing will the ransom'd sever,
Nought divide them from the Lord.

THE QUESTION of acceptance finds its true answer only in Christ's death and resurrection, inasmuch as "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." The Lord had respect unto *Abel* and his offering. Here was the first announcement of the acceptance of the person, because of the offering. So also in Rom. iii., the *Crucified One* is set forth by God to the guilty sinner as a "propitiation," whereby he finds God's righteousness, as regards his sin, has been satisfied. The fact that He was "delivered for our offences" makes *an end* of the offence, having "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." And now, sin being put away, the ground is clear for the joy of acceptance before God, as well as from complete deliverance from all accusations of conscience and Satan.

This question being once and for ever settled, another arises—What fitness have I to be in heaven? for though sin be put away, that does not of itself give a fitness to be there. If I am to be in God's presence, I must be meet for the scene. Hence, another great truth, which is, that Christ, in His per-

fectness and holiness, is mine; that He who dwelt in the bosom of His Father, who was the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, having become Son of *Man*, that He might perfectly glorify God *as man*; but, withal, having rendered a far more wonderful obedience *as Son*, thereby settling the question of righteousness, is now crowned with glory and honour at the right hand of the Father: as the Word says, "of righteousness, because I go to the Father, and ye see me no more." Christ therefore, *having died*, and being made unto me righteousness, I go into heaven in union with Him—on His title, which has been established, not only by His resurrection, but also by His ascension to the right hand of God. Hence the prayer of the Apostle (Eph. i. 3) is because the believer is one with Christ, which language fails to describe in Eph. iii.

What a righteousness is this!—even "the righteousness of God in Him"—which every saint before God, in his union with Christ, is. Having it, we have nothing more to desire. It is a righteousness greater than that of the first Adam; greater than the righteousness of angels; it is a *Divine* righteousness, which seats the believer in the very PRESENCE of God, and enables him to *behold His face in righteousness*. This is a wonderful privilege, indeed! to see God's face—not with trembling, alienation, or dread, but in *righteousness*, in *acceptance*, in the enjoyment of *perfect love*. Moses (perhaps because of his connexion with the law) could only see the "back parts" of God—so the expression is; but we, in our oneness with Christ, see His face.

And it is because of oneness—*because* of our connexion with His Son, that we shall see His face for ever, and be in its favour and joy. What a place! do we not see the meaning of that word, "perfect love casteth out fear."

THE FOUR OFFERINGS.

“The offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.”—Heb. x. 10.

OUR sins are now no more !
May we believing say ;
Christ died, but lives to die no more,
He took them all away.

But more,—the bitter root
So present still within,
The Lord on His own body took,
His soul was charged with sin.

Yea, sin, the dreadful spring
Of all our sins below,
Our Surety did to judgment bring,
He bore its heaviest woe.

But offering, sweet to God,
From sins and sin most free,
Was He *Himself* who bore our load,
Our utmost misery.

Dear spotless One ! how pure,
How able thus to save,
How meet our ransom to secure
From hell and from the grave !

Oh, 'tis as perfect *Son* !
Thou art to God so dear ;
To Him, His well-beloved One
Most precious doth appear.

Well may we love the joy
Which God doth find in Him,
His odours sweet, without alloy,
Are what our souls are in.

As worshippers we fall
Before His presence pure ;
There all is Christ, and Christ is all,
And we in Him secure.

'Tis in His odours blest,
And where they now ascend,
Our spirits find their perfect rest,
And pleasures without end.

On earth, though freed from sin,
We tread where once He trod,
Such life as His,—true meat-offering,—
Must be our life for God.

THERE are four offerings in Lev. xiv. 12-21; they are all according to their order, and are of deep interest to us, inasmuch as, whether we know it or not, they show the progressive manner in which a cleansed soul comes to apprehend Christ. The order is, trespass-offering; sin-offering; burnt-offering; meat-offering. In the first, second, and fourth chapters, the order is the reverse, and shows the path by which God has found His way, through Christ, to the sinner.

But the order here is, first, the *trespass-offering*, which tells of all sins, all trespasses, having been put away by the death of Christ. Under the head of trespasses we include all those sins and actual transgressions which come to mind when a person is first awakened,—sins, of which the Holy Ghost has convicted him, and which have led him to cry, as the leper, “Unclean! unclean!” The first concern of an awakened sinner is his *sins*, not so much *sin* in itself as *sins* known to have been committed. How often in dealing with anxious souls has one heard the cry, “Oh, my sins!” It is the trespass-offering which meets the case of such. Peter speaks of this when He says, “Who His own self bare our *sins* in His own body on the tree;” and having borne them, the Gospel is, they were put away.

B

Next the *sin-offering*. For in the death of Christ, *sin* as well as *sins* received its doom. Not *sins* merely (that were but to touch the branches), God by the death of Christ has struck at the evil *root*, and has condemned SIN—"sin in the flesh." Many dear believers do not see this; they see the trespass-offering which has put away *sins*, but they are constantly in bondage under the discovery that there is still *sin* in them, which painfully seeks to put forth its sad fruit in their daily walk. Its very existence in them keeps them constantly depressed and sad; and all because they do not see that Christ took *sin* also as well as *sins*—the root as well as the fruits—and made full atonement for it. To see and to know this, what peace to the soul! for by Christ's death for us, not only our sins, but ourselves—those who sin—SINNERS, have the doom due to them overpast.

And now follows, in beautiful order, the *burnt-offering*, telling of the intrinsic purity and holiness of Christ Himself, who was the sin-bearer. See Him here more especially as He is *in Himself*, the holy, perfect One! *Himself* without sin. In Heb. ix. we see Him offering Himself *without spot* unto God. He was intrinsically and absolutely *sinless*, and, therefore, as surety, having no sin of His own, could take the place of the sinner. And mark the different action of fire in these offerings. In the sin-offering the fire consumed the sacrifice, taking nothing of it into itself; the fire was the fire of God's judgment CONSUMING the sacrifice. But the fire of the sweet savour offering *fed*, as it were, *on* the offering, drew out all the fragrance and the odours thereof. When the Lord was a *sin-offering*, the fire of divine wrath *slew* Him; but in the burnt-offering the fires of divine righteousness *fed* upon Him. Oh, do we understand? He was before God as the sin-offering as

though He had been the sinner, but as the burnt-offering He was the precious One upon whom the Father gazed with delight. O! with what fellowship with the Father may we gaze upon Him thus; the Father saying, "My beloved Son," and we, "Our beloved Saviour."

It is as having peace respecting sins, and sin, we are at leisure to mark Him in all His character as the burnt-offering. Once purged, we have now no more conscience of sins, but having been perfected by His one offering, we enter inside the veil, and there, in the blessed intelligence of our condition of perfectness and acceptance, we worship, wonder, and adore!

But now, having seen Him, *the Perfect One*, we want to be like Him, and it is His life to which we look for our example.

Hence, we come to the fourth and last offering here, viz.—the *meat-offering*. If the burnt-offering gives the perfectness of Christ towards God, the meat-offering gives us His life before men.

It is Christ manifesting all that is well-pleasing and glorifying to the Father in His life on earth. Hence God, as it were, feeds upon it; also we feed upon the same, and have fellowship together. Beloved, if our souls by faith are in the enjoyment of these truths, we shall be in blessed communion with God's own thoughts of Christ, and with His eternal delight in Him who is the Son of His love. Moreover, we shall have fellowship one with another.

ADORNING THE DOCTRINE.

"Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."—Titus ii. 18.

WHAT mean, my soul, those precious words
To one divinely born?
Can aught of perfectness in me
Thy doctrine, Lord, adorn?

Can brightness ever added be
To that which is *divine*?
In Him all perfectness are we,
His holiness is mine.

The precious Truth unsullied is,
Unmingled is its ray;
No night in Jesus ever is,
But one unclouded day.

And yet the Truth itself so pure,
Can in our lives be shown;
Its light made manifest and sure
By actions that adorn.

Though justified and saved from sin,
As just ones we must live ;
If much forgiven we have been,
We others must forgive.

Though sanctified, indeed, are we
In Christ our perfect Lord ;
Our *lives* all holiness must be,
According to His Word.

To say we are, by grace divine,
Made nigh by Jesus' blood,
And yet no doctrine in us shine—
No likeness to our God ;

Ah ! this indeed were but a name—
A false delusive breath,
A faith that's *dead*, which ends in shame,
And worketh only death.

To say we are, by grace divine,
The children of our God,
Is meet, indeed, when seen to shine
In every work and word.

Dear Lord ! 'tis this I daily need,
For this I'm inly born ;
'Tis thus Thou 'rt glorified, indeed,
When I Thy truth adorn.

Thus bright and ever blessed rays
Of what is Thine in me,
May shine in all my works and ways,
In honour, Lord, of Thee.



NOT only are we in Christ, but Christ is *in us*.—See Gal. i. 16. He is “in us the hope of glory” (Col. i. 27). The same life which is in Christ is in us. Says Paul, “That the life also of Jesus may be *manifested in our mortal flesh*.” How sacred a person, then, is a Christian ! And how deeply solemn, and, I will add, sanctifying a thing it is to see this, that the very life which is in Christ is in us. We often speak of the Lord, as to our standing before God, having been made unto us “wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption ;” and all this He blessedly is. But as to our life also, He is the same. We have no wisdom of our own, none but what comes of Christ being in us. The same with righteousness, what of our own have we ?—And also sanctification. What is not of Christ in us is sin. It is His life which forms ours. It is at conversion that this life of His enters us. It is by the same life by which *Christ*

sees God, that *we* are led to see Him; by which Christ knows God, we know Him; by which Christ delights in God, we delight in Him; by which He marked out a course devoid of evil, separated from sin, that we avoid evil. We hear of this life and believe; we have it in us. But how are we to enjoy it? By abiding in Him. And how is it to be manifested?—In foolish words? in worldly vanity? in living as we list? Ah, no! this were to deform His doctrine. Alas! many professors do this. But *they are the real Antinomians*. Oh, we speak of the Holy Ghost being in us, but let us think of Him here—CHRIST—as being in us; and who that would desiderate good works, let him think of His blessed life in us. It is only as Christ liveth in us, and we live the life thus in us, that we have anything good. All that is not of Him in our service, in our character and walk, must come of self; self is their source and centre. Benefactions, sacrifices, labours, are all “hay, wood, and stubble,” lopped off by this knife—dead branches to be burnt away by this fire. O beloved, beloved! loathe the thought of things contrary to Him, or of walking separated from Him. Sweet in the soul is a deep sense of *His* claims, *His* right, *His* joy over you. Sweeter still, may I not say, *His* life, *Himself* within us. Careless of *Him*, we may indeed write “Ichabod” on our peace, on our influence, on ministry, and on everything pertaining to us as disciples of Jesus. I say this, not to put any dear saint in bonds, but to show what our condition is, and how wonderfully our walk before others, if it be right, *must* come of that condition—that it is our condition which forms our character and life, and which gives us to “adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.”

THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

"The precious blood of Christ."—1 Peter i. 19.

GLORY be to Jesus,
Holy Lamb of God!
Praise with adoration,
Praise Him for His blood!

Chorus.

"Lift we then our voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood."

God from everlasting
Chose us in His Son;
Made us heirs of glory,
Children of His home.

When our sin for vengeance
Pleaded to the sky,
Then the blood of Jesus
Gave the glad reply.

Now as raised to heaven,
Freed from death and sin,
Purchased and forgiven,
We are one with Him.

Fairest, brightest glory,
We are now above,
Of the Father's riches,
Riches of His love.

There no more the Godhead
Shines with veiled face,
Angel hosts rejoicing,
Sing the eternal grace.

Bright o'er all creation,
God in us will shine ;
Worlds on worlds exulting,
Praise His love divine.

Sweet is now the foretaste
Of these glories fair,
Sweet, indeed, to forecast
What the glories are.

“Lift we then our voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood.”

WHEN had the blood its beginning? Was it on the cross near two thousand years ago, when the Lord expired upon the tree? or was it sixty centuries ago, when Abel shed the blood of sacrifice more acceptable to God infinitely than Cain's, for it was offered by faith? Nay, indeed! it dates—shall I say from the hills of heaven, before all worlds. From timeless ages, there it takes its date—if it had a date—for He was the Lamb of God set forth to be a propitiation from before the foundation of the world. As to eternity past it is really untraceable; but looking at it as we see it, or tracing it forward, a stranger would not know what to make of it. If you pointed him to every place in the Word where blood is spoken of, from the Levitical sacrifices down to Calvary, he would say, “Why it is all about blood.” And so it is all about blood, from the very beginning down to the time when Christ died; and the very religion of heaven is a religion (so to speak) that centres round the blood, for the song of the redeemed will be—“Who hath washed us from our sins in His own blood.”

And what mean these words of Paul, “Ye are *bought with a price*?” and again, “We have *redemption* through His blood?” Some, indeed, vainly imagine that the sufferings of Christ were merely to set an example of suffering and martyrdom; but

it is not the lot of a martyr to exclaim, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Never has a martyr for truth, though tied to the stake, with the blazing fires penetrating his agonized body, been heard to cry out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" If Jesus were perfect as a man, and yielded up His life as a martyr, wherefore that bitter cry? and at the very time, too, when God usually comes close to His suffering child, the hour of trial, and sorrow. Ah, no! Christ died, not merely to perfect Himself, nor yet merely to give an example of suffering or of death; though truly He did give an example.

Why, then, did He die? and die forsaken of His God? He died for *sin*. He died the just for the unjust, to bring us into God. He bore our guilt. God forsook Him because He stood in the place of the *guilty*. It has been common to say the *Father* forsook Him, but there is no such thought in the Word. He never lost communion as *Son* with the Father. In the garden He could say, "*Father*, if it be possible." On the cross He could say, "Father, forgive them;" and again, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." But as standing in the stead of man, bearing sin, and having to do with *God* as *Judge*, He cried, "Eloi, Eloi, lama, Sabachthani;" for "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." Oh, how sweet is it to know He was delivered for sins, for my sins, as we sing—

"All my sins were laid upon Thee,
All my guilt was on Thee laid,
For the blood of Thine atonement
All my utmost debt has paid.
Dearest Saviour!
I believe, for Thou hast said."

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

"Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."—1 Cor. ii. 2.

AU ! what life and benediction
All around the cross I see !
Death and sin in crucifixion—
Hell impaled upon the tree.
Great Deliverer !
Wondrous work for Thee, for me !

From the grave I see a glory,
Oft it lights my anxious eye,
There I read the blissful story
Of a life no more to die :
And believing,
See my portion in the sky.

Within the veil I see a splendour
Resting on the Lord divine,
Telling me that every member,
Ransomed from the ills of time,
Will for ever
In His glorious likeness shine.

Heir of glory! incorruption
Never can be lost to thee,
Since He made a long destruction
Of thy sins upon the tree.
Heir of glory!
What a hope for thee and me!

BY CHRIST'S death we have *atonement*—Hebrews ix. 26; by His resurrection, *peace*—John xx. 19; by His ascension, *power*—Luke xxiv. 49; and by His coming again, *glory*—1 Peter iv. 13. But there was that in God which was before all these, namely, that which gave them all. *Love* was before all, and greater than all; which love is ours according to John xvii., “The love wherewith Thou hast loved ME may be in them.” Wonderful this, that the same love which was *before* all worlds, and before the glory, and which *gave* Christ special glory, that *that* love should be ours. Hence the marvel of 1 John iii. 1, “Behold what manner of love the *Father* hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.” We are not servants merely, though we are servants. We are not friends merely, though we are friends. We are not in any merely creature standing, however great, though we are creatures, redeemed ones, before God. In our standing in Christ, we take higher rank and place than all others. Angels are not redeemed. Christ did not die for them. They see not *their* nature on the Father's throne. The peace they have is not the

peace of the *Son*. Their righteousness is not a *divine* righteousness—the righteousness of God. They, moreover, will never form members of His body. They are servants, subjects, sons of the morning, but not *His body*; not sharers of His glory; not heirs with Him of God to sit on His throne, to reign with Him, to be like Him, and to be with Him for ever. No other creature, however glorious or exalted, could ever sing—

“Just as Thou art before the throne,
I stand in righteousness Thine own.”

This place of ours, beloved, which the cross has made for us, is a great mystery. The whole universe look into it with wonder. To them it passeth knowledge. It presents the highest revelation of God Himself, His grace, and love; and of Christ, who, having seen as in the mirror of the Divine purposes His body, the Church, desired it even unto death, giving for it all that He had. By His *cross* He purchased all, salvation, incorruption, life, sonship, glory! Oh, that we had hearts to take it in! Oh, to know the love of Christ! May the blessed Spirit (that other Comforter), who dwells within us, reveal it to us more and more!

JESUS.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus."—Matt. i. 21.

THOU name of deep, unfathomed love,
Yea, love and grace unknown !
The wonder of all worlds above,
The glory of God's throne.

That name which cancelled all my sin,
When first I saw the Lord,
Which gave me life and peace within,
Through knowledge of His Word.

Oh, 'tis a name I love to own,
I love to call Him mine ;
No other name could e'er atone,
Or save, dear Lord, but *Thine*.

All other names may countless form
A vast variety,
But *Thine* through ages yet unborn,
One sweet monotony !

Our souls may well this portion claim,
Since but for *us*—our sin—
Thy name, that blessed *saving* name,
Of JESUS, ne'er had been.

Thy ancient titles, Son and Word,
For ever stood the same ;
But through Thy love for us, dear Lord,
Was known Thy *human* name.

The cross ! the cross ! it gave Thee right
To bring us to Thy throne ;
And there as precious in Thy sight,
Thy purchased ones wilt own.

There with the joys for which Thou 'st died,
Thou can'st not want for more ;
While all the universe beside
Will wonder and adore !



THE NAME of Jesus brings us into His nature and His work. It is the office of the Spirit through these to reveal Him as a *Person*. He tells of the love and glory of a personal Christ. Christianity is no abstract theory. It does not consist in mere

doctrines or truths, however great. No ; the very *heart-strings* of Christianity are closely entwined around a person, a glorified man, who is now in Heaven, who is not only our salvation, but is the great centre and end of all God's purposes and ways. Such is *Christianity*, it concerns *Christ*. The beginning and the end, nay, the very soul and centre of it is not so much the truth, or the cross even, but Christ Himself.

And as to ourselves, beloved, who are *Christians*, such, in fact, are our affections, that we could not rest merely in a system of truths, nor in a book, not even in the Bible, unless it revealed *Him*.

If we have not Christ, we have nothing. We must know Him, and live in the sense of His deep love and grace as a person. Without such a sense of Him, we grow cold and worldly. We lose all our freshness of soul and power in service. But knowing *Him*, and realizing Him, we have all. Paul, standing on this, exclaimed, "I know whom I have believed." It is said of Nelson that he won all his victories with an imaginary ball of glory ever suspended before his eyes. Paul had no *imaginary* glory ; his was no illusion, no fancy of the brain. His eye was on the Lord Himself, whom he had seen. To his spiritual vision one glorious object alone was ever present : "I know WHOM I have believed, and am persuaded He is able to keep that which I have committed to *Him* against that day."



GOD'S LOVE TO MAN.

"He lov'd us."—1 John iv. 10.

O LORD, what love is Thine!
The love Thou hast for *man*!
How fair, how bright its glories shine,
In th' eternal plan.

Thine only was the thought,
That purchased and forgiven,
We, sinners, might as sons be brought,
Thy ransomed ones in heaven.

Such grace was quite unknown,
Till Thou hadst brought us there;
And now the glories of Thy throne
Do brighter far appear.

In heaven we're Thy delight,
Blest favorites of Thy soul,
Heirs, with Thy Son, of glory bright,
While endless ages roll.

O Lord, 'tis all beyond
The reach of present thought,
That sunk so low by sin, we should
To such a height be brought.

We marvel and adore
For love so vast, so free;
And long to scan its wonders o'er
Eternally with Thee.

The thought was only Thine,
Blest sample of Thy ways;
Our heaven, our perfectness divine,
Are triumphs of Thy grace.

We have the foretaste here
Of what our portion is;
All else doth emptiness appear,
Compared with such a bliss.

O Lord, what love is Thine!
The love Thou hast for man;
How bright, how fair its glories shine,
In th' eternal plan.

PRIOR to our salvation God had everything, and we do not say
His happiness and glory were not complete, for they are infinite;

but it would seem as if their manifestation was not complete, until He had an object upon which His love and grace could endlessly and infinitely rest.

Such an object was the sinner. But he was covered with defilement from head to foot, and could not purify himself. The Ethiopian could not change his skin, nor the leopard his spots. Man, alienated from God by wicked works, could not restore himself to the favour of his Maker. But God's love could not rest till He had saved the sinner; and His holiness could not rest till He had taken away the sin. Man, then, was such an object as God needed, and we must now see how that object could be brought into His bosom.

There must be a perfectness beyond what man himself could attain to. There must be a completeness beyond that of the very angels themselves; for the angels are not what man has been made in redemption. This completeness was of God. God gave the Son of His love to become the substitute of the sinner; to do everything for the sinner which the sinner could not do for himself. For this purpose He became man. He passed by the nature of angels, and became a man. He bore away sin; He took the transgression upon Himself; "He was made sin for us." He took the place of the guilty, and God, who *could not clear the guilty*, could not, and did not, clear *Him*; therefore He said: "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd." It was God who "laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." And that being done, He tells the believer, "Salvation is yours; Christ is yours. He is your perfectness; ye are complete *in Him*." Thus God saw the sinner in Christ, and Christ has brought him into God, who is now his eternal portion.

GOD'S LOVE TO HIS CHILDREN.

"Chosen in Him."—Eph. i. 4.

"Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you."—John xv. 16.

WHEN all His varied creatures lay
Before His view,
Ere time began or light of day
My being knew :
He loved me in His secret mind,
My heaven, my all in Him to find.

He loved me when an infant young,
Upon the breast,
Before I knew the voice that sung
My griefs to rest ;
He chose me for a nobler birth
Than comes of parentage on earth.

He loved me in my childhood's days,
Commenced in sin,
When bound in youth by Satan's ways
Without, within :
He loved me, when each dangerous wile
Of earth, did all my steps beguile.

He loved me in my later years,
Far gone in sin,
Too dead to entertain the fears
That once had been ;
He loved me when a single breath
But held me o'er the brink of death.

He loved me that affliction's fire
From sin may free,
That every vain and false desire
May wither'd be ;
That sorrow with a sweet surprise
May point to mansions in the skies.

He loved me where He found me now
In sore distress ;
Where dark forebodings inly plough
My troubled breast :
He loved me where each bitter grief
Now finds in Him its sure relief.

He loved me with a dying love
And outcast name,
Which bore me to the cross, above
All dread of shame ;
My sins, once borne upon the tree,
Are no more source of doom to me.

He loved me with the deepest sense
Of righteousness,
His joy, His bliss, the recompense,
Me He doth bless;
He loved me that His name might be
More fully known and loved through me.

He loved me that my new-born love
May inly glow,
May with the countless hosts above
His beauty know:
He loved me from the ancient days,
To live eternal to His praise.



IF I am an object of God's love, it is with an eternal love He hath loved me. It must be so. God's love is from all eternity; and did not commence at the cross. The cross was but the development of a love which was older than the heavens. Did I say the heavens? Why, the heavens, in comparison with it, are new, and the so-called eternal hills are but of yesterday; but from everlasting to everlasting is the love of God. But if it found not its beginning at the cross, still less—and this is important—did it find its commencement from anything in me. It is a poor Gospel to say that the Shepherd loved the sheep only when the sheep had returned from its wanderings, or that

HYMNS OF LIFE AND PEACE.

the Father loved the prodigal only when the prodigal had returned. *Did* the Shepherd, think you, only love the sheep when the sheep was in his fold? or *did* the Father only love His child, when that child, safe in His arms, first loved Him? We trow not. *The Gospel is*, that the Shepherd loved the sheep, not only before he wandered, but also all the *while* he wandered. Thus, beloved, it was the fact that the sheep *had wandered* from the fold which led to the special mission of the good Shepherd, among the far mountains, for his recovery; and it was the fact that the son was *lost*, which manifested the deep sense of love towards him which was in the mind of the Father.

There is a difference in the parable; the son is represented as being embraced on his returning to his home, though the Father in His love had never left him, but the Shepherd finds the sheep far out amid the lone scenes of his wandering; it might have been bleeding and nigh to death, weary and worn. Was the love less precious because He had the object all to Himself? Yet the Father's eye was upon Him. It was *the Father's will* the Good Shepherd was doing. *His* eye, therefore, was enough. But what says the lost one himself?

“They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.
They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head,
They gently closed my bleeding wound,
My fainting soul they fed.”

THE SURETY.

"The Just for the unjust."—1 Peter iii. 18.

My God, I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life and where joy and true comfort abound.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory!

Hallelujah! amen!

Hallelujah! Thine the glory!

Revive us again!

'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory! &c.

He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinner are free.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory! &c.

Accepted I am
In the once-offered Lamb ;
It was God who Himself had devised the plan.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory ! &c.

And though here below,
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus I know.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory ! &c.

And this I shall find,
For such is His mind,
“ He'll not be in glory and leave me behind.”

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !

Hallelujah ! amen !

Hallelujah ! soon the glory !

Come, Saviour, again !

For soon He will come
And take me safe home,
And make me to sit with Himself, on His throne.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !

Hallelujah ! amen !

Hallelujah ! soon the glory !

Come, Saviour again !

THE OFFERINGS of the Old Testament typify the Lord Jesus, which offerings, when presented, were presented *unto God*. Christ, therefore, is what we have to present. But whatever else—all their life long—many have brought to God—sins, self, or their own religiousness—they have not brought *Him*; especially they have not brought *Him* as a sweet savour-offering unto God. Some, indeed, in moments of guilt or dread, have brought *themselves*, they have brought words and prayers, but they have not brought *Christ*. They have brought their fears, their guilt, their hopes, but God says, “Thou hast not brought me the small cattle (lamb) of thy burnt-offerings;” in other words, they have not brought *His Son*, who is the true, sweet savour-offering. Now, unless the sinner bring Christ as the ground of his acceptance, there is no access to God, no communion, no fellowship with Him. Some have brought partly Christ and partly themselves, their own exercises, their own religiousness; but God would have us come, and, as it were, not even see ourselves before Him, but *Christ only*—what He is before God, and ourselves as made the righteousness of God in Him. He would have us bring the very preciousness, perfectness of Jesus, which He delights to see, and in which He delights to accept us.

Say, have you come thus, with Jesus only? Such an approach to God gives rest and peace to the soul that knows it. Ah, marvel of marvels! Mystery of divine grace! Mystery of God's love and grace in redemption! Not that there was no condemnation; not that there was no curse; for righteousness cannot be overlooked; mercy and pardon never come with justice crushed beneath their feet. Ah, no! but this, that when all we like sheep had gone astray, the Lord in the day of His fierce anger against sin laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

"If dying to-night," may the believing sinner say, "I have nothing but this. I see all that God says against me, and because I see what God, in putting away sin, has done for me, I know I have a *rock*—that rock is Christ; salvation, salvation through the blood of the Lamb." God could not have said, "I have blotted out," unless on the ground of righteousness; the curse due to sin must be lawfully borne. People pray, "Lord, if Thou hadst been strict to mark one sin in a thousand, who could stand?" Why, He *has* been strict not only to mark the one sin in a thousand, but the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. He marked them all on *Christ*. Christ bore their curse, and because of that *we* live. "Ah," says some weak believer, "perhaps a *few* of my sins are blotted out." "No," says God, "I have blotted out *thy* sins." "That may be so," he then says, "but still I feel as if they were *here*; I feel as if I were bearing the load." Ah! then, you have not seen the Gospel; God *has* blotted out all thy transgressions, blotted out from His book, blotted out because borne; just as an account with a creditor is settled because paid, so that knowing it is gone from the creditor's books, it is gone also from the heart's grief of the one who owed it. Gone from God, may the sinner say, it is now gone from me. What news is it for the sinner who needs it? God has taken the sponge of His grace, dipped it in the precious blood that flowed from Calvary, passed it over the catalogue of guilt, and left nothing but the blessed words, "I have blotted out as a cloud *thy* transgressions." And this, beloved, is for *every believing sinner*; it is *now*, for you.

DYING LOVE.

"He loved them unto the end."—John xiii. 1.

JESUS! Thy dying love I own,
A love unfathomed and unknown!
All other love can measured be,
But not Thy dying love to me.

But wonder to myself I am,
Thou loving, bleeding, dying Lamb!
That I can scan the myst'ry o'er,
And not be moved to love thee more.

In tenderest, deepest grief I'd be,
When all Thy dying grief I see;
Would shed of tears a conscious flood,
O'er the dear droppings of Thy blood.

Nor grief alone—I would of joy,
On thee a boundless store employ.
Oh! why not all my passions prove
The sweetness of Thy dying love?

'Tis well, my Lord, that 'twas *Thy* love,
Not *mine*, that brought Thee from above,
And well that 'twas Thy bitter grief,
Not mine, that gave my soul relief.

Oh ! I am weary of my love,
That doth so little t'wards Thee move ;
Yet do I constant, inly groan,
To know the depth of all Thine own.

That *groan*, sweet Spirit ! is from Thee,
Nor self-begotten ere can be ;
No natural heart, dear Lord, of mine,
Could long to lose itself in Thine.

O love of loves ! for me that died,
The love of Jesus crucified !
Who lowly took His part with me,
That I as *one* with Him might be.

Loved, and for ever on Thy throne,
Adored, and loved, thou timeless One !
Thou wilt through one eternal day,
The height and depth of all display.

Meanwhile, Thou precious, wondrous Lamb,
Content, at least, with this I am,
To count my love too mean to own,
And know but thine—*Thy love alone.*

THERE are three special groans in Scripture: the first we find in the 7th of Romans, where we have the Apostle describing himself, or personating some other, groaning deeply under the consciousness of sin. The groan is not merely about *sins*, but about *sin*, that evil within, which is the root of all sins, from the presence of which he finds he cannot separate himself. For the apostle is here describing the case of a man whose sin being discovered is brought face to face with the law; and when the law has him in its condemning power, what can he do but exclaim, "O wretched man that I am!" When the murderer is in the grasp of the law, and can see no escape from it, what can he do but groan? So says the Apostle—"When I looked at the law it revealed sin, and looking at sin only in the light of that law, and yet not knowing grace or seeing deliverance in Christ, I could only groan, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death.'" This is the condition of hundreds of souls really quickened of God, but who are so entirely occupied with self and sin, that they can do nothing but groan at the evil which discovers itself. They resemble the Jew who looks only at sin in the light of God's holiness, and sees how inexorable are its demands, how irreversible is its sentence; but who does not see *Christ*. But

when he sees Christ as the end of the law, when he sees that Jesus has borne the guilt, the condemnation, he no longer says—Who shall deliver me? He sees deliverance—nay, he *is* delivered; Christ has opened the door of relief; rest fills His soul, the groaning ceases, and there bursts from his joyous spirit the grateful exultation—"I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." There is no power in a merely quickened soul to bring such deliverance; the power is in seeing Christ.

It is interesting to compare Rom. vii. 23 with Rom. viii. 2. In the one the warfare is between the law in the members and the law in the mind, the result is that the former is the victor; such a conflict ends, says Paul, in "bringing me into CAPTIVITY to the law of sin and death." In the other, the question is between—not the *law in the mind*, and the law in the members—but between the *Spirit of life* in Christ Jesus and the law in the members; which Spirit of life revealing Christ, "makes us FREE from the law of sin and death."

The second groan we have in Rom. viii.: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, and not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." You will observe that while the groan of the 7th of Romans is the groan of an awakened conscience—that of a merely quickened soul,—*this* groan, on the contrary, comes of a clear intelligence of the evil which is around, and also of what full and complete redemption is; the more we advance in the grace and knowledge of Christ Jesus, the more holy we become, the more conscious we are of what the world really is, and hence the more we groan. "I have had no sorrow," may many

a Christian say, "like the sorrow since conversion—and that because of the evil which is in the world."

This, then, is the groan of one at peace as to God, and who is at leisure to grieve for the condition of things around him; it is the groan of an enlightened conscience, the groan arising from a heart relieved of its own burden, but which understands the burden of evil resting elsewhere.

The third groan we find in 2 Cor. v. 4—"For we that are in this tabernacle do *groan*, being burdened." God's eternal purpose of love towards us was that, body and soul, we should be redeemed and glorified. To this end, first of all, Christ came, and took upon Him our sin, and died; a step further and we see *glory*—when He comes in glory we shall also be glorified with Him. Says Paul, "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear *with Him* in glory;" Oh, it is for this we now groan! "We which are in this tabernacle do groan." Groan for what? Not that we may be unclothed, not that we may die, but that we may be clothed upon with our house, our glorified body, which is from heaven. So that we groan for His coming, groan for the hour when we shall look upon Him face to face, and eye to eye; groan to be like Him, to have a glorified body like unto His own; in fact groan for *His* glory and *our* glory.



THE PEACE OF SON.

"*My peace* I give unto you."—John xiv. 27.

THAT wondrous word, "*my peace*"—
My peace to you I give;
Well may our earth-born sorrows cease,
When we that word receive.

Lord, Thou didst bear the load
Of sin, and death—our own—
Didst make on earth our peace with God,
By dying to atone.

But, oh! Thou hast a peace
Unspeakable—Thine own;
'Twas Thine as *Son*, ere man was formed,
Eternal as Thy throne.

'Twas Thine while here on earth,
A peace beyond degree;
Which neither hate, nor scorn, nor mirth
Of man could mar in Thee.

Ah, why, my perfect Lord,
Why give this peace as mine ?
Why lavish thus on sinful man
What once was only Thine—

Thy peace, Thy Father's love,
Thy rank as Son and heir,
Thy right divine to joys above,
Thy title to be there ?

No words of mine can tell,
No reason was in me ;
'Tis found in God—unsearchable,
His dearest love to Thee.

With Thee He made us one,
(Such was the love of God),
He loved us as He loved His Son,
Who bought us with His blood.

O mystery of God !
Let heaven and earth adore,
Whilst worlds on worlds His glories spread
The wide creation o'er.

Meanwhile, with this, *Thy* peace,
So undisturbed in Thee,
May all mere earth-born troubles cease .
To mar its course in me.

THERE are three kinds of peace spoken of in the Word :—

“Peace I leave with you” (John xiv. 27).

“*My* peace I give unto you” (John xiv. 27); and

“The peace of *God*” (Col. iii. 15).

The first was accomplished by the Lord on the cross, when He put away sin—this He *leaves with us*; the second refers to His own personal communion, the peace which, *as Son*, He enjoys with His Father, and which He had before all worlds—this He *gives* us; and the third is a peace which God Himself has, a peace which is above all circumstances, the peace of His throne. All these are ours. What a possession!

The peace of the cross *left* for us here!

“*My* peace!” His own peace!

“The peace of *God*!”

All ours, beloved, through Christ. Blessed, ineffable peace is this! the peace of *God*. Not the *sinner's* peace, not *my own* peace. My own peace may fluctuate with my frames and feelings; but *His*, like Himself, is unchanging, “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” Like the pure sky, which remains untouched (though sometimes obscured) by storm and tempest and underlying clouds, *God's* peace remains for ever the same in

Him, and, if we know our privilege, in us likewise, in sickness as in health, in poverty as in plenty, in death as in life.

But there is something which is even more and beyond peace. To have "*the peace of God*" is one thing, but to have "*the God of peace*" is a higher thing; He Himself blessedly is ours, as the word is—"and the God of peace shall be with you."



CHRIST OUR LIFE.

“ Yet not I, but Christ.”—Gal. ii. 20.

THERE is a death, the Lord hath died,
O death of deaths, for sin !
My Lord, my life, the Crucified !
My death doth stand in Him.

But there 's a life, how sweet it sounds !
Christ risen from the dead ;
And I that died no more am found—
But Christ my living Head.

But if with Jesus I have died,
Dead to the world was He :
No charms for Him, its pomp, or pride,
It nailed Him to the tree.

Dead to the world I, too, would be,
To all its love, its sin ;
And dead that world must be to me,
The world which hated Him.

The death for me which Jesus died,
Gives life and peace within :
My death, through Him, to all beside,
Is what doth honour Him.

O Jesus ! let me ever know
Thy death thus wrought in me :
More in thy perfect image grow,
Much more, dear Lord, like Thee.

And when, my Life, now hid in God,
Thou dost again appear,
I'll mount with joy the promised road,
To adore and love Thee there.



OUR true life as believers is Christ Himself. And in proportion as He lives in us, we shall not own the flesh, which has no right or claim over us. We are not now in the flesh, though the flesh is in us. Hence we are not to mind the things of the flesh, but as we have put on Christ, to live and act according to Him. It is in proportion as we do this, that we are *practically holy*, and are, as seen by others, *growing* in holiness. The rich fruit-bearing branch receives all from the vine, so this life of holiness finds its root and source in Christ. It is all of

Him—abiding in Him—and His word abiding in us,—knowing Him, His grace, what *He* is to us, and what *we* are in Him ; what our life, our rank, our holiness, our inheritance, and our glory : all that as **HEAD** He is to **HIS MEMBERS** as revealed to us in the Word—this is *the power* for holy living, also over daily sin ; that which enables us to mortify the deeds of the body, and which makes us, with more and more emphasis, *morally* and *practically* what we are judicially—crucified, dead, dead to the world, dead to self, and dead to sin.



IN THE LAND.

"Seated in heavenly places."—Eph. ii. 6.

SAFE planted in the Land—

Oh, where's thy victory, Grave?—
One with the Lord who died, but lives,
We life eternal have.

The wilderness is past,
And Jordan's depths are o'er;
I've reached that bright and blessed place,
Where we shall die no more.

He brings me in as free
From sting of death and hell;
Shows me 'tis life and peace to be
Where He Himself doth dwell.

The Lord—*He* dies no more—
He's risen from the dead,
And all His blood-bought members now
Are as their risen Head.

With old corn of the land
He doth our spirits feed ;
The Son—*His rank, His life, His peace,*
Are wond'rous food indeed.

Oh, to be always free
In spirit from this earth,
To eat and drink, dear Lord, from Thee,
Thou food of priceless worth.

Angels ne'er eat of this,
They are not one with Thee ;
They have a bright angelic bliss,
But *Life of God* have we.

His life—the life of God,
His peace—the peace of Son,
His home—*His rest* and his abode,
He says, are all our own.

Oh, vast, eternal love,
And grace beyond degree !
That, Lord, Thy church—below, above—
Should thus be one with Thee.

IT is our privilege as believers, to see our place as already planted in the land, with sin gone, death conquered, the grave emptied. Many Christians do not see this. They are more like the two and a-half tribes, who were content to remain on the Egypt side of Jordan, albeit the promises made to the fathers, and looked forward to for ages, gave them the land flowing with milk and honey. Instead of that land they were content to remain in one which they said was "good for cattle," and singular that an inducement apparently so low, should have led them to forego their divinely-appointed inheritance. Yet so it was. And so it is now with many a true saint who, although saved, is not consciously living in the scene to which Joshua-Jesus, our risen Head, has brought us. They have a hope of heaven, but they are not sitting down in Christ in the heavenlies; they are out of the Egypt of this world, but they cannot say, "We are *in the land*." They cannot praise as one who in spirit *is in heaven*; they have joy, perhaps, but their joy is not full of the glory. They are exercised about *themselves*, and a joy "full of glory" cannot be our own joy. The believer's joy is full of *Christ*, and the scene of the joy is where Christ now is, seated in the very presence of God—in true rest for us—a rest never, as was Canaan rest, to be broken or lost. He is there in the power of an actually accomplished salvation; it lies beyond the cross, and beyond the tomb, and beyond the sorrows of the wilderness. We who were dead together with Him, are raised and are seated together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Oh, it is the heavenly life which we have, as risen with Christ, which should regulate our pilgrim life. The one in its holiness and joy should be simply a counterpart of the other.

THE SEVEN TOGETHERS.

"Together with Christ."—Eph. ii. 5.

"TOGETHER with the Lord ;"
What bursts of light I see !
Light, life, and joy are in that word ;
"As He is, so are we."

Together judged and slain ;
Yea, "dead" as in His grave ;
But, freed from sin, we rise again,
And life eternal have !

Together with the Lord,
Nor curse, nor death to see ;
But "seated"—oh, that glorious word !—
Where "heavenly places" be.

Our doom for sin, hath been,
When Christ for us was dead ;
What sufferings were endured by Him,
Were suffer'd in our stead.

And "heirs" we are with Him
 Of God—oh, wondrous love !
"Joint heirs with Christ ;" in bliss supreme
 To reign with Him above.

And with Him "glorified"
 We shall for ever be,
To dwell, as precious, at His side,
 And all His love to see.

Ah, heavenly portion this !
 With sins and sufferings o'er,
To know and share His wond'rous bliss,
 As none e'er knew before.

Meanwhile this glorious state,
 It forms our mind within,
To know the self that's *dead*,—its hate—
 To mortify its sin.

In newness, now, of life,
 We would our powers employ ;
Save sin, to know no other strife,
 Save Christ, no other joy.

THE "seven together" are seven links of a chain which binds us indissolubly to Christ. The *first and second* of these links—"crucified" and "quicken'd"—are seen at the cross and grave of Christ, who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. Death, burial, and life are all there—our death, burial, and life—the death due to sin, the life given us in a once buried, but now risen Christ. The *third to the sixth* form our present privilege. We are "raised," "seated," "sufferers," and "heirs together with Him,"—"heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ." The *seventh*, or Sabbath link—"glorified"—has its scene in THE GLORY which the Church, which is His body, will share with Christ, when she will sit with Him on His own throne, even as He now is seated on His Father's throne.

The origin of this chain is all of God. It is a golden chain of richest blessing, which is *His* creation; and develops a plan of salvation and of glory which is the subject of wonder to angels, who behold sinners brought into association with Christ, as members of His body, and endowed with a life divine in its nature, and enduring as God Himself. How faultless is this chain! The eye sees nothing wanting, nothing needless; and we may tell out the meaning of it thus:—

Death was our doom. We *have* died. Yet we live; that is, Christ died for us, and His death gives us a right to live. And, in virtue of oneness with Him, we are as He is, raised up together, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Nor, knowing Christ, does the heart object to suffer with Him. And our sufferings are of a class which only His members can know. And they are not torments, but triumphs; not sources of grief, but joy. But no link gleams more brightly than that of "heirs;" it shines in the light of God Himself;

and of Christ, who is "the Lord of glory." It is ours from being sons—partakers of the *Divine nature*—"born of God," for "if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." All this we now are. As truly is the death due to us *past*, as is the death of Jesus on the tree. As truly are we to be glorified with the glory given to Him, as He Himself is glorified.



THE TWO LIVES.

"A new creation."—2 Cor. v. 7.

ONE life is gone—that life which men call mine :
As born in sin, my God, it ne'er was Thine :
Estranged from Thee, the sport of Satan's wile,
It never had, nor cared to have, Thy smile,
All lost and vile.

That life is gone—with all its wasted years
Of fancied goodness, buoyant hopes and fears,
Its tastes, pursuits, its love and hate within,
Self all its centre, and its root all *sin*,
Such have I been.

What woe was mine, when self was brought to light,
I was undone within Thy searching sight,
By Thee rejected, slain upon the tree,
Where I have died, my precious Lord, with Thee,
God's end of me.

'Tis gone—that life, its punishment is o'er,
God knows it now, its sins, its doom, no more,
'Tis buried in that dark, unfathomed grave,
Where no eye sees, since Jesus died to save,
And would me have.

One other life I have, true life of worth,
Which did not come of parentage of earth,
His risen life, I have, who lives in me,
That life which is eternal, perfect, free,
God's gift to me.

Oh, I would walk as one completely freed,
In newness of Thy life, my Risen Head,
Would count the flesh as vile, and nothing worth,
And live in that alone of heavenly birth
Though strange to earth.

Ah, then ! why celebrate a life that's gone ?
Why should the *living* live the dead among ?
The life I have in heaven, dear Lord, in Thee
Is where years come not, no chronology
For Thee, for me.

E

O Son of God ! one hymn of joy be mine,
For everlasting is Thy love divine,
One life alone I'd live—Thy life in me
Below, above, abiding still in Thee
Eternally !

MAN BEFORE conversion, according to the Word, is "*enmity to God*" (Rom. vii. 7), and, therefore, cannot, in any wise, live according to God. As his nature is, so will his life be ; in him "dwelleth no good thing." The things which appear good have no favourable relation to God. They are not done to Him ; He is not their root and source. Self in some form or other is the centre, and sin the root of all. The mere philanthropist or lover of men, and the moralist and religionist, stand, in this respect, on the same footing as the vilest. They are all unclean, being sinners before God, and who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean ? This may be a hard saying, but it is true notwithstanding. All flesh (man) has corrupted its way ; so departed from God that we are as water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up again. There may be degrees of virtue and its opposites, as man sees them, but all alike—the amiable, loving, and so-called virtuous—are the same as the outwardly vile before God. Were our planet to go off its true course, all alike would go—the placid vales with the yawning ocean, the sweet flower with the frowning precipitous rock ; and if the course be not stayed, must meet a common destruction. Thus with men, there is no difference ; if *without God*,

all are gone astray, there is none that doeth good, no, not one; and all, as with the world before the flood, will, in the issue, be equally lost. Conversion, then, is a wondrous change: it sets aside man as he is. God does not renew the old, but sets it aside as no longer to be owned: as he said in Genesis, "I have seen an end of all flesh;" and again, "I will no more strive with man." If this be true, then where am I? that is, my first self? I am where God puts me; as a sinner under the first Adam, as a thing at enmity with God, He puts me aside, having first judged, condemned, and sentenced me on the cross in the Person of my Substitute. He brings the living Saviour out of the tomb, instead of my dead, crucified self, which judicially finds its end at the cross. When I see Christ I say, He is my life, and when Christ, who is my life, shall appear, I shall be like Him. What more perfect? Compared with this, how small a thing is the natural man or our former self. Oh, that we may know more and more of this perfect love of God which puts thus a perishing sinner into Christ, in righteousness, in holiness, in perfectness, so that such an one, as Paul could say, "I live, yet not I"—not that former self—"but Christ liveth in me," and "for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." God thus sets aside the sinner, and brings in the Son of His love.

It was a glorious statement of Luther—"As Christ is before God, so am I." A similar utterance was made in the sixth century. St. Patrick was evidently struggling for the great truth we are considering; said he, "The sinner nothing—Christ everything. Christ before me, Christ behind me, Christ on the right hand, Christ on the left hand, Christ below me as a rock, Christ above me, and," as if he struggled to get utterly rid of self—"Christ in me, Christ through me, *not me*,

but Christ." It is thus, beloved, God does not view the sinner—who is dead, crucified in Christ—as *he is in himself*, but sees him in Christ, in whom is wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. Which of these lives, then, are we to live? And if to celebrate either, which? The answer surely is according to Paul, who says, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

That life, beloved, knows no years—it is where chronology has no place. It is an eternal life which in God never had a beginning (though it had as to our possession of it), and it will never have an end.



COMMUNION.

"Our fellowship is with the Father."—1 John i. 3.

COMMUNION with the Lord !

'Tis not on earth the scene ;
'Tis on the throne th' Incarnate One,
In perfectness is seen.

The place is in the light,
Yea, light ineffable ;
Where Jesus, precious in His sight,
Doth with the Father dwell.

'Tis there unveiled we gaze
On love before unknown ;
Where eye of angel ne'er was raised,
Or cherubim looked on.

There, glorious place within,
We commune with our God,
Who sees us as He sees His Son,
Accepted through His blood.

For there before the throne,
'Tis not what we may be,
But all according to that word,
"As He is, so are we."

There we adore the grace,
The vast unfathomed love ;
Whilst Jesus tells us of our place,
As one with Him above.

O what a height is this,
For soul once dead as mine,
To find in God so great a bliss,
Eternal and divine.

O for the sweetest lays
That e'er *Thine* ear hath heard !
O for the long, eternal days,
T'adore and praise the Lord !



COMMUNION is that which is *common* to both parties. Sin is not common to us and to God; confession is not common to us and to God. When a child comes to his parent simply craving and longing, it is not common to both. Communion with God is that which is common to the believing sinner and his Father in heaven. *His* eternal glory, the everlasting purposes of *His* grace in and by *His* Son, these form themes in *His* presence for common joy. Hence communion is a far higher thing than prayer, or confession, or intercession; it is what God pre-eminently delights in. It is when we have our hearts—shall I say, laid open to the Lord—in communion with Him, abiding in Him, that He delights to deal with us, to have to do with us, to have *His* mind open to us, and our minds calmly responsive to what is in *His*. Think of God, where all else knew Him not, or denied Him, finding in Abraham one man walking by faith, and seeking such to worship Him; yea, coming to be feasted by Him. Hence Abraham orders “three measures of meal and a calf from the herd.” (Genesis xviii.) It is the fifteenth of Luke reversed. There the returned son is feasted by the Father, who prepares for him the fatted calf. Here it is the returned son preparing the feast for the Father. Who can doubt that the feast in both cases was Christ? Ah, this is what God likes, that we should bring Him Christ. Abraham said (v. 5), “*For therefore are ye come.*” What words! What intelligence of God! What a secret! for “the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.” Truly the Lord had come for this very thing, not so much to give, though He would give, as to receive, yea, to be feasted. How wonderful! and how precious to the soul that knows and loves it. Surely *His* delights are with the sons of men, and *His* rejoicings in the habitable parts of the earth.

WITHIN THE VEIL.

"Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."—Heb. x. 19.

No spot, no blemish now,
Unblameable in love,
Are we whose sins can ne'er ascend
Where Jesus is above ;
There, Lamb divine, once slain, Thy precious blood
Hath perfect made our souls as worshippers with God.

O holiest place within,
Where God in Christ is known,—
His perfect love which casts out fear,
So blessed, at His throne.
We 've boldly entered there thro' Christ's own blood,
By which our souls are brought for ever into God.

No conscience there of sin,
No sense of guilt or shame,
Once purged by Jesus, we are saved
For ever, through His name.
Far more than conquerors' victory we gain,
We need no other death, we have no other stain.

No tears—no griefs are there
Of old creation's groan,
Earth's sorrows are not counted where
Purged worshippers have come ;
No night is there—but glory's brightest ray
Unveiled doth spread around its everlasting day.

All glory to our God,
For His own Spirit given,
To show the value of the blood
Which brings us into heaven ;
Sweet Witnesser ! to write our minds within,
This covenant of God—this writ of cancelled sin.



YES, our place of acceptance in Christ is "within the veil," and as all inside that scene must be unsullied purity and holiness, it follows that if we are there, we must have a fitness for the scene ; and this was in the Father's plan and purpose ; it was His eternal counsel, that we should be "holy and without blame before Him in love." In ourselves we are but defilement, but in the Son of His love we are meet for the presence of divine holiness. The very moment we are born of God, we have within us the *Divine* nature ; for that which is born of God, and which is a *child* of God, must be of the nature of God.

As that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and nothing but flesh, so that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. The instant a soul is born of God, that instant it is a partaker of the Divine nature. Besides this, and that in which we are before God, is the standing in holiness which the Lord Himself has.

"Ours is such a full salvation." Oh, what heights—what depths of precious, wondrous truth lie hidden for us in Christ! Oh, that we would search them out! Oh, that we would give ourselves up to the Spirit's teaching, who revealeth *all things*, yea, the deep things of God! Oh, it is for them that we get up into the Father's thought, and down, shall I say, into the depths of His love, to see Him, as we may now, where all is perfectness "inside the veil." As of old, in the most holy place there was nothing but perfectness through the blood, no sin, no disease, no death, no sorrow even allowed, but all according to God, through the blood; and as all there was rest and peace, so now inside the veil, with us who have liberty to enter through the same—

"In that circle of God's favour,
Circle of the Father's love;
All is *rest*, and rest for ever—
All is perfectness above."

Not a particle of sin there; not a thread of the old nature there; not a spot, not a stain; one eternal sunlight, undimmed with cloud or shadow; one unfading glory.



FELLOWSHIP.

"The fellowship of His sufferings."—Phil. iii. 10.

"I rejoice in my sufferings."—Col. i. 24.

WHAT do *we* suffer for His name?
What do *we* know of death or shame?
What really know of pain or loss,
Because of Him—of His dear cross?

What do we suffer for that love,
The wonder of all worlds above?
The most we know is slight or blame,
Or separation for His name.

None, now, it seems, can wear the crown
Which dying martyrs loved to own;
None know of all things here the loss
Which once was suffered through the cross.

'Tis true the doctrine men oppose,
And even friends appear as foes;
Yet this but brings us into Him,
Which yields us deeper joy within.

Our old companions, too, though dear,
May eye us with their jealous fear;
May, from the very love they bear,
Oppress us with their anxious care.

We strange may seem to some around,
And strangers are on desert ground;
For grace which sets our spirits free,
Withdraws from earth, dear Lord, to Thee.

O there's a sweetness in the grief
Which finds in Thee its sure relief!
The tears which here may constant flow
Are nothing to the joys we know.

The loss, indeed, of name or love
May pride or sorrow inly move;
The lonely pathway, and the look
Of friends estranged, we ill can brook.

Beyond all this, the blessed Lord
Was hated for His very word;
The light which shone so clear in Him
But drew forth all the hate of sin.

Lord Jesus ! I would like to be
In everything conformed to Thee ;
Thy life in mine yet more reveal,
Thyself on all my actions seal.

Yet, oh ! what certain grief and care
Must come in answer to such prayer ;
What death to self must certain flow,
Ere such conformity I know.

Pity Thy child, whose longings are
Thy perfect image now to bear ;
Who yet, when e'en denied a place,
Finds self engaged instead of grace.

Ah ! 'tis a name, *our* sufferings here,
A doubtful thing, *our* grief or tear ;
His blood, *His* grace are all our trust,
His cross, *His* sufferings, all our boast.



ALONE WITH JESUS.

"Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile."—Mark vi. 31.

COME ye aside a space,
Rest, rest awhile !
Come ! in this desert place,
Rest, rest awhile !
Many coming, going are,
All around are griefs and care,
There 's a need for rest and prayer,
Rest, rest awhile !

Come, all ye weary ones,
Rest, rest awhile !
Come, all ye burdened ones,
Rest, rest awhile !
Come, see the Saviour's face,
Know "the riches of His grace,"
Happy in this sheltered place,
Rest, rest awhile !

Come, ye of toil and care,
 Rest, rest awhile !
Lab'ring, working everywhere,
 Rest, rest awhile !
Rest and working well agree,
Prayer and resting pleasant be,
Rest—divinest rest to see—
 Rest, rest awhile !

Rest obedient at His cross,
 Rest, heavenly rest ;
Rest to count our gain but loss,
 Rest, heavenly rest ;
Rest, the *Risen One* to see,
Life and Immortality !
Rest ! “ *as He is so are we,* ”
 Rest, perfect rest.

THE true preparation for service is sitting at the feet of Jesus. Mary knew His mind, and was sweetly in the power of making it known. If engaged in service, the power, unction, blessing must all come from Him ; nay, He Himself will flow forth through the Word. But this all comes of sitting at His feet, having “ part ” with Him, as Mary had, in communion.

ASKING AND RECEIVING.

"Hitherto have ye asked nothing."—John xvi. 24.

ONCE upon a time of sadness,
Jesus called His servants nigh,
And this word of lasting gladness,
Did with healing power apply,
Sweetly telling
Of His merit from on high :

"Hitherto ye've asked nothing—
Nothing in my saving name ;
Prayer itself has been as nothing,
And your faith in me the same :
Now with boldness
Asking, ye shall sure obtain."

Saviour ! all our prayers are "nothing,"
Measured by this gracious word ;
All our hopes and joys are "nothing,"
When with Thy rich stores compared :
Stores of blessing
By Thy boundless love prepared.

Hitherto we 've asked "nothing,"
Sad and empty do we go ;
All our present life is "nothing,"
To the life we long to know—
Life abounding,
When the Lord shall bid it flow.

Oh, for asking and receiving !
Such as Jesus bids us have,
Always coming and believing—
Always knowing of His love :
Oh, what blessings !—
Glorious blessings may we have !



ELIM.

“ And they came to ELIM, where were twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees.”—Exodus xv. 27.

“ The rain also filleth the pools.”—Psalm lxxxiv. 6.

THIS feast of bread and wine,
This gathering to the Lord,
This fellowship and love divine,
This comfort of the word :
Ah ! these are Elim-palms,
Which God for us hath spread,
Hath spread beyond Egyptian lands,
Those regions of the dead !

And this is Elim-rest,
Where living waters rise,
The fruit of Him who died our death,
Who all our wants supplies ;
We rest, fair Canaan's side,
Are planted in the land,
And though the desert round is wide,
We 're guided by His hand.

No more the sea of death
 'Twixt us and Canaan rolls,
But all its gloomy waters lie,
 'Twixt Egypt and our souls :
That place of death once passed,
 None tread again its shore ;
With Christ, who trod its deepest depths,
 We live to die no more.

We passed with sprinkled blood
 From out of Egypt's gloom,
And *death*, the source of all our life,
 Became th' usurper's doom !
The Lord was strong and near,
 He led us in the way,
And though the night all round was drear,
 His presence was as day.

Ah, Lord ! the praise is Thine,
 The glory all Thine own,
Our lives, these palms, and desert springs,
 Direct are from Thy throne ;
But palms, and shade, and springs,
 However loved and blest,
Are not the long eternal things
 Of our eternal rest.

THE RISEN ONE.

"The Head, even Christ."—Eph. iv. 15.

"Blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ."—Eph. i. 3.

O SWEET relief from sin and woe,
My risen Lord, in heaven, to know,
No more as bowed in death for me,
No more His soul's deep agony :
Th' ascended One has entered there,
And as He is, His members are.

O glorious place ! O sweet abode !
Where dwells for me the Christ of God.
On Thee I gaze, Thou blessed Lamb—
God's righteousness, in Thee, I am ;
To know *Thy* place, and there to be—
Thy joy—Thy love—'tis Heaven to me.

What matchless height ! To gaze within
Thy loving heart—its thought of me ;
For there eternal I have been
Loved and redeemed beyond degree ;
But oh ! as only "through a glass,"
"Darkly" I see the glory pass.

But I am my Beloved's own,
Accepted through His blood alone;
Secure, I'm sheltering at His side,
Which riven was when once He died.
'Tis *all* of *God*: *He* made me meet,
Which makes *His* presence feel so sweet.

And now I'm looking for that day,
When death itself shall die away—
When I no more shall wander here,
But in His glory bright appear;
Where like Him all His saints will be,
And with Him through Eternity.

"IF CHRIST be not risen," as we read in 1 Cor. xv. 17, "ye are yet in your sins"—implying plainly, "that if the blessed Lord be indeed risen, we who believe are not in our sins. Our sins *were* on Him when He hung upon the tree, but they were *not* on Him when He rose from the tomb. He was freed from them when He appeared in resurrection. And when He appears the second time to those who look for Him, it will be "*without* sin unto salvation." He has already appeared *once* "to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself;" and now the sin is for ever gone—gone from the sin-bearer, and, moreover, gone from God's memory, for He says, "I will not *remember* thy sins."

The resurrection of Christ was according to the glory of the Father, who, in wondrous grace towards us, had thus dealt with our sins in His death. Moreover, it was according to His eternal righteousness that Christ, having fulfilled completely the eternal covenant, should be liberated; also, it was in keeping with Divine justice that, having paid the debt, the sinner should be acquitted; the whole matter settled, the Father rejoiced to raise His Son, and neither death nor the grave could detain Him. And, moreover, by resurrection He was declared to be the Son of God with power. Death had stopped the way between the sinner and glory, but the Lord had gone down into death—had passed right through death up into the glory, leaving an open path behind. But had He been a mere man—had He failed to accomplish the work He came to do—if He had not made atonement—had not put away sin—had He been a deceiver or an impostor, as His enemies said He was, death would have retained Him still, and God would not have raised Him. But by raising Him from the dead, He declared Him to be *His Son*.

And then, by His resurrection we get into a new life. We were dead with Him, buried with Him, and are raised with Him; by resurrection we are taken out of death, saved from wrath and hell. Further, there is something else which we get the moment we become risen with Christ; we get *strangership*, *pilgrimage*. Resurrection lifts from the tomb of corruption, but it leaves us still upon this earth; it does not of itself put us into heaven. We get pilgrimage here below. The Lord, at His open tomb, was surely a pilgrim; and if we know the power of His resurrection, we also are the same. We do not get into heaven by resurrection—it is *ascension* which puts us there. As He has gone back, having done *all* that our lost,

guilty condition demanded—as He has gone in yonder, the righteous, accepted One, having taken the value of His own most precious blood in with Him, and laid it down ever to speak on our behalf, so now *we* who believe in Him have liberty, boldness to go in along with Him into the holiest of all, that is, into heaven itself, where He appears for us in the presence of God, and where we are accepted in the Beloved. It is as He is, and along with Him, on the ground of His own ascension in righteousness, that we have right to be there.

Aaron had to sprinkle the blood UNDER THE GLORY. This he did *upon* the mercy-seat, where God's eye could see it, and *before* the mercy-seat, where, so to speak, the sinner's eye may see it, and where, moreover, in the very presence of that glory, he saw his own footing established. Ah, beloved! what rest all this gives to the soul that understands it. It was after atonement had been made, that Christ entered the holiest; yea, Christ, having died, and having been raised again, has ascended into heaven itself, there to appear in the presence of God for us.

One more sweetly solemn thought, beloved ones, is that the Lord showed Himself not to the world, but only to *disciples* after His resurrection, as if to teach us that only to those who had known Him in His humiliation and rejection does He belong in His resurrection glory. Only those, therefore, who in spirit have part with Him in the one, will ever share with Him the other.



SERVICE.

• "The ministry of reconciliation."—2 Cor. v. 18.

I'LL go as He may bid,
And where He bids will go,
And there beneath my willing feet,
He'll tread down every foe.

I'll go of Him to tell,
Who died our love to win,
Who by His blood has saved our souls
From death and hell and sin.

With all beneath my feet,
Save Jesus *crucified*,
His glorious message I'll repeat,
And in His power confide.

I'll go to call them in
For whom the Saviour died ;
I'll go to tell of cancelled sin,
Through Him, the crucified.

I'll go to make *God* known,
That timeless One above !
Who for our sakes gave up His Son,
The Son of God's own love !

I'll tell, not what *we* are,
So much as what *God* is ;
His purposes of endless grace,
His own divinest bliss.

That bliss is in His Son,
Who knew th' eternal grace,
Who all the Godhead hath made known,
By dying in our place.

Oh, mystery of love !
Unfathomed still Thou art,
Though seen by all the worlds above,
And known—'tis but in part.

'Tis thus that they behold
What ne'er was known before,
The Christ—the God-man on the throne ;
They marvel and adore !

Oh, I would speak Thy praise,
Jesus! my true delight;
Would give Thee all my fleeting days,
The dark ones with the bright.

Nay, had I lives untold,
And moments, each an age,
I would the love of God unfold,
And *all* those lives engage.

Though less than all beside,
Because of sins my own,
I'll preach *Thee*, Lord, the crucified;
For Thee to live, with Thee abide,
Till reached the eternal throne.



ONE BY ONE.

“The time is short.”—1 Cor. vii. 29.

EVERY day, one by one,
Neath the ever-circling sun,
Life's swift moments constant fly,
Friends and kindred droop and die.

One by one they pass away,
Know a long, a last decay ;
Soon the coffin and the knell ;
Soon their portion—Heaven or Hell !

Every day, one by one,
Destined to a world unknown !—
Souls neglecting *His* demands
Fall into their Maker's hands.

Saviour ! snatch them from a doom
Darker, deeper than the tomb ;
Give the calm, the tender smart
Of a true repentant heart.

DIVINE QUICKENING.

(1860.)

"The Spirit quickeneth."—John vi. 63.

AH! whence these sighs and prayers
That rise our hearts among,
These silent tears and solemn cares
Now felt by old and young?

It is the Spirit's breath
That stirs our souls within,
Which life imparts, instead of death,
And sorrow gives for sin.

We hail this heavenly power
That now is coming nigh;
We hail the cloud so soon to pour
Salvation from on high!

Salvation! O what joy
The blessing doth afford!
What prayer and praise our tongues employ;
What glory to the Lord!

THE Holy Ghost it is who works by the Word in the soul. The record of the Word is His *own* record, His own witness to us who believe.

Oh, yes; whoever tells me rightly about God or myself, must have got it in the Word; and whenever my heart wants God, I must find Him there; and the Word is always enough. Of course this is the result of His Spirit. I had never wanted God at all, had not the Holy Ghost quickened me and raised the want in me. I had never longed for assurance, or for happiness, or for love in me to God or Christ, had not the Holy Ghost worked in me what was according to God. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." The natural eye cannot see, the natural ear cannot hear. But if I both see and hear, God has been showing me by His Spirit. If I *can* see, then I am born of God; for, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." And, if I have been saying, "Oh, that I may know God more, love Christ more;" it is the Holy Ghost within me who maketh intercession with groanings that cannot be uttered.

THE PRESENCE OF JESUS.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst."—Matt. xviii. 20.

Oh, come to Jesus now—
Jesus is here ;
All near Him lowly bow—
Jesus is here.
Too many go away,
Too many still delay,
Though Jesus bids them stay—
Jesus is here.

Oh ! come this place within—
Jesus is here ;
He sees you full of sin—
Jesus is here.
He knows you—why you come,
Poor, wretched, and undone,
Seeking Him, and Him alone—
Jesus is here.

Come then to Jesus now—

Jesus is here ;

All low before Him bow—

Jesus is here.

Oh, ye that feel your sin,

And coming long have been,

Now find your rest in Him—

Jesus is here.

Come ! come to Jesus now—

Jesus is here ;

Old and young together bow—

Jesus is here.

Oh ! what a glorious thing,

Sin's weary load to bring,

And lose it while we sing—

Jesus is here.

Oft as I come and go—

Jesus is here ;

His presence well I know—

Jesus is here.

Sometimes I seem to stand,

Rapt in the radiant land,

Singing with the sinless band—

Jesus is here.

All then to Jesus now—
 Jesus is here;
All 'round Him joyous bow—
 Jesus is here.
Soon we shall reach the shore,
Where we shall praise Him more,
Singing ever, evermore—
 Jesus is here.

COMING to Jesus we find rest to our souls. There is a three-fold rest spoken of in the Word—the rest of salvation, rest in obedience, and the rest that remaineth. Said the blessed Lord in Matthew xi., “Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” *Weary and heavy laden* is the experience of a soul exercised about sin, and who is ready to exclaim—“My burden is intolerable; oh, that I could find *Christ*.” Such experiences are precious as denoting that all is not dead within. Sweet are the groans of such. Some are in deep sorrow. We would say, weep on, dear souls, only remembering that it is not your tears nor your repentance that will bring you rest, but simply believing on Jesus. Said the Lord, “Come unto ME, and I will give you rest.” You know how coming to another under other burdens may give relief. Imagine the case of one in sore want, vainly struggling against secular cares; think then of a friend saying, “I will give you the needed help.” What rest would follow, and people would

say, "What a difference! He looks not as he used to do, that easy, restful look—his very tread is lighter. When a man sees himself and his past life in the light of God, ah, then is there not a burden? And what is he to do?—why, just to put the burden down. It is the easiest thing in the world to put *down* a burden; to take it up, indeed, may be hard, but how easy to lay it down. Oh, this is what one wants every aching, sin-burdened soul to do, just to put the burden *down*. Says the Lord to each such weary one: "Have I not taken the load of death on me?—have I not taken away its sting?—has not its whole weight been laid on *Me*?—have not *I* died the just for the unjust? Come, then, unto *ME*, and *I* will give you rest."

The *second* rest you have in the next verse—"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall *find rest* unto your souls." It is as if the Lord said, "I want you to have something more than just rest from sin; I would have you restful under all circumstances however trying. I want you to have a rest which nothing shall be able to touch, but you must learn of me, who am meek and lowly in heart. Be as I am. Do as I do. Oh, how difficult to be *as Christ*! How hard, when provoked, to remain lowly; when irritated, to be meek. "Take my yoke upon you." The only yoke He ever bore was a yoke of subjection to His Father; He became a servant to do the will of His Father perfectly. His blessedness consisted in doing perfectly His Father's will. His will, so to speak, was joined with the Father's will. Think how wretched is the family where there are antagonistic wills, where there are *two* wills, each striving for supremacy; and so with the Christian, he will be unhappy in proportion as he loves and clings to his own will. If the Lord's people were but doing *the Lord's* will, wearing, in obedience, *His* yoke, and walking in

His footsteps, how much greater would be their spiritual strength, how much more union would there be amongst believers! Yea, what a *visible* unity, and how powerful as a testimony to the world! But, alas! "Woe to the world because of offences." God would have His people to be one, that they may bear a united testimony to the truth that the *world* may believe. But they are divided, and the world does *not* believe. The divisions of the Lord's people are the chief hindrance in the way of the unconverted. Alas! then, woe to the world because of them. If we only took Christ's yoke upon us, and did the will of God as He did, what wondrous power and peace and blessing would ensue; it is only in proportion as we take His yoke, and learn to be lowly and meek as He, that we find rest, find it more and more—blessed rest.

But there is a *third* rest—"the rest that remaineth." "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." Though we have rest as to sin in the past, though we have also rest in the midst of present conflict and sorrow, yet there is something beyond all this—a rest still in anticipation. God rested from His works on the seventh day; and soon we, too, shall rest from our works—not only from evil works, of which there ought to be none, not from the flesh merely, which now we should not allow. They were blessed works from which God rested. He said they were *good*. Soon we shall rest in a more perfect sense than now—we shall rest as God rests. Then no wearied heart, then no striving with evil, then no conflict with sin, then no loss of communion, but perfect rest. We shall enter into His rest, and have perfect fellowship, perfect assimilation to the image of the Lord.

EXPECTING BLESSING.

(1860.)

"I will bless thee."—Gen. xii. 2.

JESUS, Lord! we look to Thee;
Thou hast bid us constant pray;
Let us now Thy presence see,
On this happy, happy day.

Chorus.

Jesus, Saviour, Hallelujah!
Jesus, Lord, for Thee we pray!
Come with life divine and joy,
On this happy, happy day.

Lord, we look for gladsome hours,
Such as pass untold away;
Calm awakening, heavenly showers,
On this happy, happy day.

Lord, we come to Thee in prayer,—
All our wants on Thee we stay;
We come to breathe in heavenly air,
On this happy, happy day.

Lord, we come for Thine own truth,
Opening to Thyself the way;
Age renewing into youth,
On this happy, happy day.

Lord, we look the closing hour
Many new-born souls to say—
“Glory, honour, praise, and power,”
On this happy, happy day.



THE NEW BIRTH.

"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God."—1 Cor. ii. 14.

Not by the *natural* mind
Can we discern the Lord,
For none, by searching, e'er can find
Out God—the Saviour Lord.

To learn by might, our own,
To toil with natural breath,
Is empty as the whistling wind,
And worketh only death.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear
Of man hath heard God's love,
That love once known, the Lord is there,
With quick'ning from above.

O, 'tis the Spirit's work
To search out deepest things,
And babes and sucklings born of Him
Can take whate'er He brings.

My God, now give this power,
This quickening from above,
That new-born souls this very hour
May see and feel Thy love.

Then praises to His name
Who bought us with His blood,
Eternal praises, we'll proclaim,
Thou wonder-working God!



TIMES OF REFRESHING.

(1860.)

"Great grace was upon them all."—Acts iv. 33.

HA ! what heavenly visions greet me,
As I wondering look around ;
Times of glad refreshing meet me,
Where the Lord himself is found.

All around, His grace prolonging,
See what clouds of mercy rise !
See what thirsty souls are longing
To receive their glad supplies.

Young and old are now exulting
In a Saviour's dying love ;
All their works in Him resulting
In His boundless praise above.

On the land and on the ocean,
Lo ! what joyful strains arise !
Angels see this new devotion,
And rehearse it in the skies.

Oh ! may I be filled with gladness,
Wider spread His heavenly word,
And forgetting former sadness,
Aid these triumphs of my Lord.

CAN WE tell why it is that God has been giving such a shower of blessing during the past years (1860-61)? Is it because the river of our wants has been asking for it? or because our poor, parched souls have been entreating God to send it? Perhaps so, for often did we say,

“Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering, full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me.”

Yet was it not because it was a relief to the riches of His grace and love to bless, that we have had such blessing? In one sense it was because God could not help it. It is when He goes from valley to hill, and from hill to mountain, in the mighty exuberance of His love, that wherever He treads in His glorious march “His paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side.” It is so in nature. For when the clouds drop their fatness, it is always a *time of reviving*—of *awakening*. During the rains of spring, the grass and the trees put forth their verdure,

and all around becomes fresh and verdant. So, when God rains down His showers in grace, it is remarkable as a time of awakening and conversion. Such a time of awakening and conversion we have had, and, blessed be His name, still have.

“What a glorious work is this,
Work for everlasting!
Every other work but this
Fading is and wasting.”



WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

“Walk in the light, as He is in the light.”—1 John i. 7

IN the light where Jesus is—
Light of uncreated bliss,
We have fellowship with God,
Through the ever present blood.

Blessed in that light to be,
Knowing that we are as He ;
God, in love, hath set us there,
Perfect love which casts out fear.

Highest height, my soul, for thee
There the Father's face to see ;
One with Jesus, who is there,
Favoured all His members are.

All I am as in that light,
Holy is in God's own sight ;
Lord, in righteousness divine,
All Thy perfectness is mine.

That which I could never be,
Thou hast found in Him for me ;
Life and light and holiness,
Wisdom, strength, and righteousness.

Sin and self I am below,
Sorrow, conflict here I know ;
But before th' unsullied throne,
Seen I am through Christ alone.

All of sin, O Lord, is mine,
All of perfectness is Thine ;
What of death was due to me,
Thou hast borne, to set me free.

Ah, 'tis walking in the light,
Walking perfect in His sight,
That our walk is close with God,
Through the ever present blood.

Walking in His light I live
Highest life which God can give ;
That which keeps my soul in Him,
Keeps from Satan and from sin.

Oh, I would for ever stay,
'Mid the uncreated ray!
Live that holiness divine,
Which for ever there is mine.

But if walk I must below,
In that light I fain would go;
Walk as perfect in His sight,
E'en as *He* is in the light.



IT IS only absolute perfectness which is before God. But am I *that*? If I grew in personal holiness for a million years, I should never come up to *the absolute and eternal perfectness* required by the presence of God and heaven. Well may we bow the head and worship, when we see and know that we have all in Christ. Blessed identification and participation with Christ before God is this! What a Gospel full of glory, is the truth which gives us to know it!

Be astonished at the grace *wherein ye stand*! that we, who by sin were most distant from God, are brought the nearest to Him, even *into His own Son*, and are *as He is in the light* before Him; that we, who know ourselves to be but sin and corruption, should be raised to His holiness and His life, in the light as God is in the light. There is nothing a creature can have which is higher. That which has made way for us to be in the light is, that the blood is there, which tells of all sin being put

away as to atonement; and then, as to daily need, it is in regard to it, whilst speaking of this very light, that John says, "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin;" so that, if in communion, in the light—and it is there that full communion can be enjoyed—the thought of present sin, of daily failure, should cross the mind to mar it, the blood which cleanseth from all sin is there, Christ is there, not on the cross now, but in the very presence of God for us.



DIVINE COMPLETENESS.

"Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet."—Col. i. 12.

I AM not, Lord, *more blest*
With perfectness divine,
Than when as God's own righteousness,
I knew Thee first as mine.

I am not now *more meet*
Than made at first in Thee;
Life, light, and holiness complete,
Are what Thou art to me.

I am not *nearer*, Lord,
Than when I first believed;
Made nigh by grace through Thine own blood,
Are all Thou hast received.

I am not *holier*, Lord,
In standing as Thy child,
Than when, through value of Thy blood,
I first was reconciled.

I ne'er am *happier*, Lord,
Than when in Thee I'm blest;
No creature joy is like Thy word,
No rest is like Thy rest.

I ne'er am *stronger*, Lord,
Than in Thy blessed might;
Sweet energy it doth afford
For service in Thy sight.

I ne'er am *serving more*
Than when Thy will is done,
Thy will in me, Thy Spirit's power
Is that which Thou dost own.

But, oh! I'm *nearer home*!
Nearer the hope above,
Nearer the place to be my own,
Nearer the *One* I love.

I 'm nearer that high goal
Than when I first believed;
Nearer to all that boundless whole
In Thee to be received.

I've tasted more the grace,
Which I have known so long,
Which keeps through all this wilderness
From ever present wrong.

This life will soon be o'er,
Or Thou may'st quickly come,
Then *all I am* will Thee adore,
And *all* will be Thine own.



NOT MY WILL.

"Learn of Me."—Matt. xi. 29.

WHAT more to *do*, what more to *be*,
Show Thou me, Lord!
What more of Thy blest will to see,
Show Thou me, Lord!

The night is dark, and Satan's wiles
Are all around;
E'en Thy poor flock the foe beguiles,
And griefs abound.

Show Thou me, Lord, yet more, that I
Must lean on Thee;
None other can Thy place supply,
In guiding me!

Thy path below, 'twas all Thine own,
Thy walk with God!
Ah! who, dear Lord, but Thou alone
That path hath trod?

11

Sweet service Thou on earth didst give
To make us Thine,
But not on service couldst Thou live,
Thou Lamb divine !

Thy joy—the Father's will to do ;
So perfect, blest !
None ere such full obedience knew,
None else such rest.

Thou wast for Him, His Perfect One,
On earth awhile,
Didst find Thy blessedness alone,
In His loved smile.

Lord ! 'tis this blessedness I need,
Thy will in me,
That from my will I may be freed,
In pleasing Thee.

I often know deep want within
Some restless will,
But dear the help which Thou dost bring,
And comfort still.

Glad labours! and if souls Thou give,
They make me blest;
Yet cannot, Lord, on labours live,
Or in them rest.

Oh, rest divine! sweet rest of God!
Is what I need,
Rest which remains in His abode,
Full rest indeed!

God rested from His good employ,
The works He made;
To rest like Him, with Thee, my joy!
Is what I need.



THE OLD NATURE.

“The flesh lusteth against the Spirit.”—Gal. v. 17.

At times a man, a dreadful man,
’Twixt me and God doth come ;
My heavenly course he doth withstand,
To mar my journey home.

That man is *self*, corrupt by sin,
The nature old in me ;
’Tis all defiled, without, within,
And never else can be.

The light that shines, my God, from Thee,
Thy beauteous light divine,
Is veiled, when only self I see,
This wretched self of mine.

Ah ! ’tis from heaven that self is seen,
As left among the dead ;
It never there can intervene
’Twixt me and Christ, my Head.

Far down in death He sealed the doom
Of sin and death in me,
And now in heaven, beyond the tomb,
As He is, so are we.

Dear Saviour, I would ever live,
In *power* of such a life!
Take all the rest Thy death doth give,
From sin's condemning strife.

May I this self but mortify,
And reckon it as dead,
And live the life I have in Thee,
My perfect, risen Head.

And then, when next this self I see,
As clouding o'er my sight,
Thyself shall be my victory,
My ever fresh delight.



AND IF our old man be crucified, dead, it may be asked,
Where is *the scene* of its death? Is it, as many imagine, only
in ourselves? Are we to undergo a long, lingering, slaying of

ourselves? We ought, surely, in ourselves, to be "dead indeed unto sin," that is, morally dead. But this of itself does not answer to the "I am (*have been*) crucified," literally nailed to the cross. The scene of such death is the cross—it is with Christ, and where He died.

Now, if this be true, may some believer say, "Then is my punishment past?" I answer, *Past*. "And the sentence against me, the natural man, the sinner, accomplished?" I answer, just so, *accomplished*. "And my old self, about which I have had such days of darkness, and fear, and sorrow, is really and truly dead!" I answer, and *buried*. For burial also is spoken of. "We are buried with Him," says Paul, "by baptism *into death*." Interment is the destruction of the last link which holds a deceased object visible to our senses. Remembrance even is blotted out by the long damps of the grave. Thus completely has God set aside our old corrupt selves, as out of sight, out of mind. "Your sins," He says, "and your iniquities, will I remember no more." Moreover, the dead are free. The avenger *may* harass the living, *may* pursue his life, but when DEAD, the pursuit ceases. The end of life is the end of the pursuit. If the corpse be claimed, it is only to bury it. And there, in the grave, the weary are at rest; the servant is free from his master, the law can pursue him no farther. Hence, "He that is dead," or, as the word is, "*has died*," is freed from sin. You say you did not know this. Well, this is what we want you to know. Only in such knowledge can you have peace or rest. Many there are who see *Christ's* death, but have never seen their *own death* in Him. Nature cannot see it; unbelief cannot see it. Only *life* can see it. Hence, said the Lord to Nicodemus, "Except a man be *born again*, he cannot *see* the kingdom of God."

But not only has "our old man" thus judicially died, and is therefore by God counted dead, but we are also, morally, to be dead to it. Sin is not to have dominion over us; and we are privileged to be free, not only from its guilt, but from its power. For he that is dead, is freed from sin.



CONFLICT.

"Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."—
2 Tim. ii. 1.

WHEN first I saw the Lord,
My soul was nothing fearing ;
All bright and pleasant in my eyes
The future was appearing.
My conscience cleansed thro' pardoned sin,
Sweet was the peace that reigned within.

My days have changed since then,
And life has known its sorrow ;
At times a few hours' joy, and then
Some dark and sad to-morrow.
Ah ! strange unrest of soul within,
Deep consciousness again of sin.

Why thus, I said, dear Lord ?
Why lost to me Thy favour,
All gone, all gone my strength in Thee,
All gone Thy truth's sweet savour ?
'Oh ! why this darkened mind within,
As if Thy child I ne'er had been ?

Ah, Lord, I left Thy yoke,
I walked by my own trying;
Not Thy blest will, but mine I sought,
From Thee my soul was flying;
By many ways I sought to gain
My needed peace, but all in vain.

My soul, ill-taught in grace,
It did not then discover,
It must be *grace or nothing, Lord,*
Thou still unchanging Lover!
'Mid all my sins, to perfect peace
My title need not, could not cease.

Thou hast obtained for me
Redemption without ending;
Thyself, now hidden in heaven, I see
O'er all my sins transcending.
The peace of Thine own sanctuary there
Is still unchanged, my portion fair.

I did not, Lord, abide
In all Thy joy unfading;
I did not live in Thy blest sight,
Thy Spirit all-pervading;
I did not know of Thy dear love,
That *nothing* could a hindrance prove.

Ah! 'tis this grace, Thy grace,
Thou still unchanging Lover!
That I, Thy child, had ceased to taste,
Prone to my own endeavour.
But now from all my works I rest,
In loving weakness on Thy breast.

THE PERFECTION of grace is, that not only from all eternity has it linked us in with the deep, unchanging love of God in Christ, but that now it imputes nothing to us in God's presence where the blood of Christ is. To know that there is nothing *but* perfectness, and no blame for us before God, though it deeply humbles us for our sins, settles the soul in deepest rest. "*Grace reigned,*"—not at the expense of law, but by a most glorious vindication of the righteousness of law. Christ became sin; that is, He became responsible for its penalty, which was death. And that death He suffered for us. He took the place of the guilty, and consequently the guilty, for whom He suffered, need not be judged. Life has been purchased for them, and sins are no more imputed. Infinite worth has met and discharged eternal penalties. This before God is always true of the saint—never is otherwise, whatever his condition here. It is the knowledge of this at the first which gives peace, and it is the same knowledge which restores to peace when it has been lost, the effect of which, moreover, being debtors to grace, is that, instead of serving sin, we become all the more the servants of Christ.

UNCHANGING LOVE.

“ Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.”—
John xiii. 1.

PRECIOUS Saviour ! Thou hast linked us
In Thy deep, unchanging love ;
There in spirit Thou wilt keep us,
Happy in Thyself above.
There remaining, and confiding,
Love unbounded Thou dost prove.
Blessed is each sweet endeavour
Of our souls Thy grace to own ;
Blessed, too, the Father's favour,—
Love of Father to the *Son*,
Ever flowing, flowing to us,
Through Thyself, His perfect One.
Sweet it is with sins forgiven,
Yea, with bitter conflicts o'er,
Still to find in Thee our heaven,
Still to find Thy love the more ;
Grace abounding, never ending,
Is in Thee a plenteous store.

Blessed Lord ! what times of sorrow

Do our failings oft ensure,

As to-day, the same to-morrow,

Till the dark'ning cloud is o'er.

But Thy pity, wondrous pity,

Meets us in the contrite hour.

O ! to keep for ever near Thee,

Go no more from where Thou art ;

Know Thee, trust Thee, never grieve Thee,

Love Thee with adoring heart.

Sweet communion ! still enjoying,

Freed from sin's condemning smart.

Thus, should aught again oppress us,

Lead from Thee, as oft we're led,

From Thy love which doth so bless us,

While some wayward path we tread,

Thou wilt keep us, gently lead us,

Feed us as Thy flock are fed.

Endless pleasures soon await us,

Tears no more shall dim our eyes,

Thou Thyself wilt come and take us

To our home beyond the skies ;

Full redemption ! in a moment !

Ours eternal, as we rise.

Blessed goal! with rapture gaining
All we ere desired before,
In the rest of God remaining,
Ne'er to sin or grieve Thee more;
But for ever, and with wonder
Scan Thy love unchanging o'er.

OUR BLESSED Lord had no sin. But He had want. He wanted Divine help and sympathy. He wanted to glorify His Father, and do the work which He had given Him. Hence He often prayed. And it was *whilst* praying that He was transfigured on the holy mount; and, morally, it is whilst praying that we have our greatest and sweetest transfigurations before God. We go to God with a sense of guilt and shame, and it is whilst praying, but through the truth, we drink anew of the value of Christ's blood for our cleansing. Our backsliding souls are restored, and we are our former selves again. What see we in those blessed moments? or what is it which so transforms us but a renewed sense of the unchanging love of Jesus, and of the eternal, unending resources of His grace. Some make the riches of glory greater than those of grace. What embraced the sinner, as the prodigal, on his return, were the exceeding riches of *grace*; which embrace showed what God *is*. God is love. But what God will yet give are the riches of the glory. Whether are the gifts the greater, or the love which gives the gifts? Ah, no; I may dispense with glory, but never with the grace and the love, which are greater than the glory, and which were before the glory.

THE PERFECTNESS OF JESUS.

"Grace is poured into Thy lips."—Psalm xlv. 2.

O LIPS so full of grandeur!
So softened o'er with love!
How shall our hearts endeavour
Their perfectness to prove?

For God, thy God, hath poured
Into those lips His grace,
That we, who love Him as our Lord,
With joy each word may trace.

No times had *He* unguarded,
No seasons of unrest;
He ne'er a heart discarded
That looked to Him for rest.

He ne'er was ill-advised,
Nor used a hurtful word;
No moment Him surprised—
The meek and lowly Lord!

E'en when, with righteous anger,
Which truth could not disguise.
He had to tell of danger,
The tears were in His eyes.

Oh, blessed, perfect Jesus!
Bestow Thy grace on me,
That what is wrong in deed or word
May be conformed to Thee.

As flowers betray their sweetness
When bruised amid their bloom,
So would I know completeness
When sudden dangers come.

O for that time of brightness—
The coming time above!
When, with our robes of whiteness,
And language all of love;

When all the blood-bought pilgrims,
Of every name and clime,
Will dwell, each one like Jesus,
In perfectness Divine!

NOTHING is more unlike Christ than the unguarded way in which Christians often speak of one another. Jealousy, ill-

will, and evil-speaking, or, as the Word says, "railing," show plainly how the soul has lost its communion.

What we want is to live in the precious sense of the love which God has to all His saints; at very least, to own those whom God owns. The difficulty as to our love is where there is departure in walk from what is according to God; still, with a divine tenderness, we are to love and to own. In fact, when I get into the thought of the glory into which God will soon bring *them*, as well as the most obedient of His children, I at once feel a deep yearning, and longing of heart towards them.

So also, it would seem, does the Lord Himself. It was to those mixed up in the Laodicean Church, whose character we need not now describe, that He said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," a truth which is usually applied to the sinner, but surely spoken by Him to the saint, as if He complained of His position, through our treatment of Him.

Beloved, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus;" and let us not leave or forsake one another. Even backsliding Laodiceans let us hold in our affections; and, if we can, let us restore them. We are not to cleave to dear Christians at the expense of a dearer Christ, nor are we to hold Christ independently of them. But we are to keep, as to our love, to both.

Oh, beloved, those who fancy they are far removed from one another, and may have grown cold in years of sore warfare, the one against the other, are, nevertheless, arranged by God in His thoughts, as if person to person, and shoulder to shoulder; all of which will shine out in that day when the sons of God are manifested. When "the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up TOGETHER with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

BETHANY.

"He lodged there."—Matt. **xxi.** 17.

O SACRED, lonely Bethany !
A name divinely dear ;
It tells, my gracious Lord, of Thee—
Thy "*private owning*" here.

What times the busy haunts of men
Were silent and at rest ;
Thither Thou didst Thy presence bend—
All blessing and all blest.

That weary head—that visage marr'd—
That lowly form of Thine ;
The back that once so freely bared,
To take the stripes—e'en mine :

These all in lonely Bethany—
A solace oft-times found ;
The scene was bless'd beyond degree,
The home was holy ground.

I

What truths were they that Mary heard—
What life that Lazarus knew!
What tender, gracious, touching words
He gave to Martha too;

Oh! how they loved those happy days,
When all His name He told,
Disclosing by His gracious ways,
The promised One of old.

They so confided in His word,
That when the morn drew near,
His grave to leave—the living Head—
They were not even there!

Oh! this the confidence I need—
The visits I so love,—
The sweet remembrance of each deed
Of Him, my Lord above.

And this the peacefulness I feel,
When saints together see
Some holy truth He doth reveal—
SOME UNVEILED MYSTERY!

MEMORIES OF JESUS.

"Do this in remembrance of Me."—1 Cor. xi. 24.

My right and title, Lord, to be
A guest at Thine own board
Is, Thou hast said, "REMEMBER ME"—
I need no other word.

I would remember, through the bread
Set forth before mine eyes,
Thy body broken in my stead,
My Lord, my sacrifice.

I would remember through this wine,
Thy blood once poured for me,
That blood in presence of my God,
My soul's most perfect plea.

If ever I remembered, Lord,
I would remember now,
Each drop of woe, each dying word,
Thy weary, suffering brow.

I would remember all the grief
Which once was laid on Thee ;
Thy sorrows are a sure relief
To those that fall on me.

I would, I would remember, Lord,
But, oh ! my thought is poor,
What wrath for sin was on Thee poured,
What death Thou didst endure.

I 'd fain remember every word
Which fell from lips like Thine,
And all that else Thy ways afford
To tell me Thou art mine.

But all the mem'ries, Lord, of mine,
Are nothing to the love,
So vast, eternal, and divine,
Which led Thee from above.

Oh ! what rich memories Thee will greet
In glory coming now ;
What crowns on crowns will shortly meet
Upon Thy loved, loved brow !

My soul would haste to take her part
In all that glorious scene,
And long, with full adoring heart,
To see Thee as Thou'rt seen.

JESUS PRIZES our very memories. Hence the precious meaning of the table of the Lord. All He asks of us there is our remembrance: "Do this," He says, "in remembrance of Me."

This we do, not, indeed, so much to *get* (though we *do* get much) as to *give*.

This is our joy at the table, to give Him our memories. It is this which He asks of us—the simple exercise of our memories; yea, the thoughts of our hearts upon what is always dear to Him—namely, *His death* for us.

Our very thoughts even are precious in His sight; said the Prophet concerning Israel (and the principle applies to us), "A book of remembrance was written before Him, for them that *thought* upon His name," not on His *work* so much, though it is precious to think of His work, or on His word even, blessed as that is, but on *Himself*.

There is nothing of His own workmanship wrought in us by the Spirit that He counts as vain. He seeks occasion from smallest things to take delight in us. He puts our tears into His bottle; our prayers into His vial; our steps, each one of them, are in His ordering; the hairs of our head are in His numbering; and, how wonderful and precious, our *thoughts* even are in His book.

A book of remembrance, it is said, was *kept*. Beloved, kept for what purpose? For those who do some *great* things? Who labour, or give, or sacrifice? Doubtless He *does* remember our work of faith and labour of love. He *does* own our gifts and sacrifices; but what is here said is, that He keeps a book of remembrance for those who "*thought upon His name*." All this is precious. Some day in the glory, when that book may be opened to us, we may say, "Lord, when thought we this? and,

Lord, when thought we that?" But He will explain; He may remind us of the *when* and the *where*, and how that we were not talking or working, it may be, but simply *thinking*—thinking of *Him*; lying on the lonely couch of sickness, or amid life's more active cares, those *thoughts* were both seen and loved by Him; and, He may add, "You did all this at a time when others were rejecting Me, when the world around would none of Me."

Beloved, how merely fugitive and invaluable our thoughts seem to us; but not so in His estimation. We are never in a position where we cannot, at least, *think* of Him; the weakest, poorest saint can do it. Let us indulge ourselves in this more and more; it will not impoverish us thus to enrich His book—wondrous book! and O, happy to think of our being there! And saints who, perhaps, are far separated, yet their thoughts are there; far away from the recognition of any human eye, or any human appreciation of what they may think, yet are their thoughts of Jesus, and of each other *in Him* there! How sanctifying! for how guarded should we be of those thoughts which, bidden or unbidden, rise within us, that they may be holy unto the Lord.

LIVING STONES.

"Built up a spiritual house."—1 Peter ii. 5.

MY God, we are stones
In Thy temple divine,
And long for Thy power and
Thy glory to shine.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Hallelujah, Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Revive us again.

In this happy place,
Thy children by grace
Now meet to adore Thee,
Beholding Thy face.

What raptures abound
Where Thy children are found;
Each spot that they tread on
Seems like holy ground.

How welcome the power
We feel in this hour,
Whilst the blessing descends in
A plentiful shower.

In righteousness, Thine,
And life all divine,
Thy saints now accepted
In holiness shine.

Lord Jesus, we pray,
Soon give Thy glad day;
From the throne in the heavens
Thy presence display.

Hallelujah ! give the glory,

Hallelujah, Amen.

Hallelujah ! soon the glory !

Come, Saviour, again.

Meanwhile by Thy grace,
Convert in this place ;
Give power and give glory,
As seen in Thy face.

Hallelujah ! give the glory,

Hallelujah, Amen.

Hallelujah ! give the glory,

Revive us again.

But come, Saviour, come!
And take us all home!
We long for the glory
With Thee on Thy throne.

Hallelujah! give the glory,
Hallelujah, Amen.
Hallelujah! soon the glory!
Come, Saviour, again.

BUT SOME one is saying, "I am not converted. I am not a living stone, but a dead soul." Salvation is written on this moment. God says, "NOW, TO-DAY, if ye will hear My voice." You have had many days in the past, but they are all yesterdays now. And *to-morrow's* sun may shine on your corpse. But why will you die? Why need the sinner die? Why drink for ever that cup of wrath when Christ has died? He did not drink that cup for angels, or for saints. He drained it for the sinner. He emptied the cup of its wrath against us, and now gives it to us as a cup of salvation. And you may take it as you are—lost, dead, vile. Come, then, and take this cup. Many will not come unless they can bring their *improved* selves with them, or unless they can come as saints. They imagine Christ died for the righteous? But, no, He died for the ungodly; He died for the lost. Are *you* not lost? And is there not a Saviour *for you*?

HOME-LONGING.

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—John iii. 3.

TEACH that word of Thine, O Jesus,
 "I Myself will come again ;"
From each earth-born care release us,
 All that now can give us pain.
 Jesus, teach us,
Teach us now these words again.

Love and grief Thy heart divided,
 As Thou said'st, "I go away,"
Telling what Thou had'st provided
 Till the glad re-union day.
 "Be not troubled,"
Still we seem to hear Thee say.

For to you who have believed,
 I the Comforter will send ;
You can never be bereaved,
 Never know the want of friend.
 He will guide you,
Dwelling in you to the end.

Precious, too, the word then given—

“I for you a place prepare;

In my Father's home in heaven

Many, many mansions are.

I have told you,

And will soon receive you there.”

Blessed home! that home abiding,

Home, where Jesus said He'd go;

Home, where all His saints residing,

Will Himself unhindered know.

Home, how glorious!

Thither all our thoughts should flow.

Can we, such a home forgetting,

Live as though no promise were?

Earthly joys and griefs regretting,

Pressed with ever-constant care?

Home, the heavenly!

Let our love be always there.

Of the Comforter, said Jesus,

That “of Me” He loves to tell—

Tells us how the Father sees us,

Bids us on *His* love to dwell.

Blest reminder!

Of the truth He knows so well.

Oh, what Spirit He has given,
What a needed, perfect Guide!
While we wait the Lord from heaven,
We for whom the Lord hath died,—
He is with us,
While we in the waste abide.

Soon will fail yon circling heaven,
Soon, this time of absence flown;
Soon, all freed from earth's last leaven,
Soon the Lord Himself will come.
Come, Lord Jesus!
Take Thy wearied exiles home.



ANOTHER COMFORTER.

“Another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever.”—John xiv. 16.

O WHAT surprising light doth rise !
What wonders greet our longing eyes,
When once the Spirit, through the Word,
Reveals in us the risen Lord !

“He,” says the Lord, “shall speak of Me—
Another Comforter He’ll be ;—
Will show what sins were on Me laid,
What debt of suffering I have paid.”

Thou Paraclete of life Divine !
Abiding in this soul of mine ;
The saving, dying love to show,
That I its height and depth may know.

Thou Comforter ! to “dwell !” to “grieve !”
To soothe—yea, all my griefs relieve.
Thou art *Thyself* the Father’s seal,
And dost His ownership reveal.

Thrice blessed ! Thy power in me to bear,
My soul above all guilt and care ;
To show me spotless at the throne,
Accepted in the Lord alone.

“ I WILL PRAY the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter,”—*Paraclete*, for which we have no exact word.

It means one who acts for another, or in the place of another, as the Spirit does for the Lord. Were the Lord here He would care for us ; the Spirit does this. Were the Lord here He would teach us, dwell with us, lead us, comfort us, sanctify us, repel the evil that is in us ; all this the Spirit does. (John xiv. 17-26 ; Rom. viii. 14 ; 2 Thess. ii. 13.)

We have an example, we will not say a type, in Eliezer, who acted in the place of Abraham, so that what he did Abraham might be said to have done. In his special mission to her who was to be the bride of Isaac, the heir of the promises, in his special care of her, did he guard and guide, during her long untrodden way in the desert, allowing of no wrong path to be taken, no delay. In such case, as in ours, the Witnesser would rather witness *against* than *for*, and suffer grief in His work rather than joy.

Many other things, as we have seen, does the Spirit of God, who is in us, which the Lord, if He were here, would do. *He leads us*. “ As many as are *led* by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.” *He helps us*. “ The Spirit also *helpeth* our infirmities, for we know not what to pray for as we ought, but

the Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered." Hence it is He who leads us from sin and self into Christ. It is He who leads us into all the fulness there is for us in Christ. It is He who helps us in our walk with God, gives knowledge, fellowship, rest, peace.

Moreover, it is He who gives us to groan. We groan for God, for more and more of *God Himself*. We groan for Christ, for holiness, for heaven. We groan against sin. We groan in our utter loathing of our own downfalls into sin, and loss of life, and power, and grace, in our fellowship and walk with God. Alas! what else is our life, some of us, but a "groan?" For who knows God as we might? or the Lord? or holiness? or love? His own love—that blessed One!



REUNIONS.

"We shall see Him as He is."—1 John iii. 2.

Oh ! for the songs of gladness,*
Sweet sounding through the air ;
Oh ! for the no more sadness
Of all the ransomed there.

Oh ! for the long, long meeting
Of Jesus with His own ;
Oh ! for the loved, loved greeting
Of pilgrims in their home.

Oh ! for the sweet reunion
Of friend restored to friend ;
That loved and long communion,
Which never more can end.

Oh ! for that life immortal,
For bodies like His own !
Oh ! for within that portal,
Which leads me to His throne !

* Suggested by the beautiful hymn—" *O for the robes of whiteness.*"

Oh ! for the no more dying,
The no more oft distrest ;
The sweetness there of lying
For ever on His breast.

Oh ! for the joy of being
For ever with the Lord ;
The long, long joy of seeing
How perfect was His word.



THE LORD'S RETURN.

"I will come again."—John xiv. 3.

COME, come, Lord, come!
Oh! why so long delay?
Lord Jesus, quickly come,
Take thy wearied loved ones home.

He's gone for you
Where many mansions are,
Gone to prepare a place,
For His Father wants you there.

Home, home, Lord, home,
We seem so far away,
Lord Jesus, Thee we mourn,
Take Thy pining exiles home.

Why not believe?
He said, "I'll come again"—
Our Jesus, to receive
Those in glory bright to reign.

This long, long path
Of pilgrimage is drear,
The earth no portion hath
For Thy blood-bought children here.

Fear not, fear not,
E'en now you're not alone.
And soon He'll bid you come,
Come to share with Him His throne.

THERE ARE two lines of truth in the word respecting the coming of our blessed Lord from heaven. The one is seen all through the writings of the Prophets, and relates to His coming in judgment, and for His kingdom on the earth, and is described in such passages as the following:—Jude 14; Daniel vii. 13, 14; Zech. xiv. 5; 2 Thess. i. 7; Matt. xxiv. 27; Rev. xix. 14.

The other is found in the New Testament only, and refers to the personal reappearing of the Lord to take away His saints. John xiv. 1, 3, shows that it is specially for *them* He will come. 1 Thess. iv. 16, shows that the scene of His appearing is not on the earth, but *in the air*, above the earth; and that those who have fallen asleep in Jesus, and those who are alive at the time, will be "*caught up*" to meet Him.

2 Thess. ii., shows that the taking up thus of the saints will occur prior to the second advent of the Lord to the earth, and,

accordingly, before the dreadful judgments then to take place. Paul beseeches them not to be in trouble, as if they had come. He shows that they cannot come till other things had transpired—the coming of the Lord for them, and their being *gathered together to Him*. 1 Thess. i., shows that He is coming as *Son*. When He comes to this world in judgment, and to reign, it will be as Son of *Man*. As man He was rejected and crucified; as man He will reign, and all knees will bow to Him. As *Son* He is owned by His friends now, who mourn His absence. They are one with Him, and are in possession of the love which the Father bears to Him, and the peace which He had with the Father before all worlds.

Heb. x. 37, shows that the time of His absence is only “a little while,” which has extended over eighteen centuries, and will doubtless terminate the moment He has completed the number of those who constitute the Church, which is His body, the beginning of which we find indicated in Matthew xvi. 18, and the completion of which will be, we believe, at the time of His descent, as described in 1 Thess. iv.

John xiv. 1, 3, is most simple and explicit. Said the Lord, “If I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself.”

Taken literally, these words are plain and simple, and were assuredly full of a present comfort to the disconsolate disciples; but, taken otherwise, they are vague. What the Lord meant was, that *He Himself* would come again, and that when He did so He would take His people to Himself, “that where He is they may be also.” His words were addressed to *His disciples*; not surely to the world, not to men in general, but to His disciples, and through them to us. “I go to prepare a place for *you*.”

It was accordingly an understood thing among His disciples; that some day the Lord would come for them, even as He had said. They had heard His promise, had believed it, and were expecting its fulfilment.

As to how He will come, whether *publicly* to the world, in judgment, or, first of all, for those who believe, we learn in the 11th verse of the first chapter of Acts. There it is seen that His coming will be in "like manner" to His departure. His leave-taking was a private one. They were disciples only who stood gazing stedfastly towards heaven, as Jesus disappeared from their sight, and as pointing out as to how He would come again, two men stood by them in white apparel, and said, "Men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come *in like manner* as ye have seen Him go into heaven." The "*like manner*" does not in anywise answer to the solemn pomp, awful grandeur, and terror of the coming to judgment. That He could so come, that millions of angels could come in a way known to His saints, but private to the world, is evident from their songs at the first advent, which none heard but the shepherds. The words, "IN LIKE MANNER," may indicate that as the Lord's departure was known only by His disciples, so also may it be with His return.

Remember, it is "the same Jesus" who shall come. Oh, what unnatural thoughts many have of Him! They make Him quite another Jesus. But He will be the *same*; the *same* ever-loving heart, and hands and feet once perforated; yes, the *same* JESUS is to come for us—not with marred countenance, or bleeding on the tree, but in His glory and beauty, which we shall share with Him.

THE TAKING UP OF THE SAINTS.

"The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."
—1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.

Oh! whence those sounds of joy,
Loud, filling all the air?
And whence those forms and sweet employ
Of millions gathered there?

The Lord Himself has come,
So glorious and so bright,
To take His blood-bought children home—
His infinite delight.

Now, borne aloft, they see
The *One* they loved so well;
From the last tie of earth set free,
They all His praises tell.

They see His face, and love,
With love unknown before;
Their thoughts o'er all His beauties rove,
Delighting more and more.

The fulness of their God
They mark in Him doth shine ;
They, the vast purchase of His blood,
And *He*, their life divine.

Oh ! 'tis in them He scans
His fulness all displayed,
And worlds on worlds admire His plans
In their salvation laid.

Oh ! 'tis this hope divine
They long on earth had known,
In incorruption thus to shine
The partners of His Throne.

The long, eternal days
In which they blessed are,
Will but prolong th' eternal praise
Of Him who brought them there.

Oh ! Lord, this hope is mine,
Through Thy most precious blood ;
'Tis incorruptible—divine,
The highest gift of God.

MILLENNIAL GLORY.

"The King in His beauty."—Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

SING the full glories of the Lamb !
The Lamb that once was slain ;
Sing how from heaven He comes again,
He comes on earth to reign.

Sing the full honours of His name,
Who lives, but once was dead !
His rank, His right, His power proclaim,
Redeemer, King, and Head.

O glorious, great, beyond compare !
All heaven and earth are His ;
Messiah now His crowns will wear,
How vast, how long His bliss.

He 'll see His seed, prolong His days,
His Church with rapture own ;
He 'll fill creation with His praise,
And joys before unknown.

Oh! it were life e'en now on high
To see Him as He is;
But this, His grander ecstasy,
Is our full weight of bliss.

Ah, then, what joys for thee, my soul,
To gaze upon His face!
To love beyond all known control
Thy kingly King of Grace.

Were all created feeling mine,
An infinite degree!
I would, dear Lord, for love like Thine,
Bestow it all on Thee.

PROPERLY WE have no dispensation, but come in between the dispensations. We stand between the prophets and patriarchs who looked for a reigning Messiah on the one hand, and the time when the earth will see that Messiah in millennial glory on the other.

It is during this interlude we have our place. We are not of the Jewish dispensation; nor are we of the millennium. We have not been looking for a temporal Messiah; nor are we to be of the earthly kingdom over which He will reign. When He comes in that kingdom, we are to come with Him. When He appears in glory to take it, we shall appear with Him.

And then—oh! then that morning without clouds—*then* the reign of the Messiah—*then* faith will have her object turned into one of sight, and love will not be love in desire, but in indulgence. Love will have full scope. We shall infinitely and eternally love.



THE HOLY CITY.

"He looked for a city which hath foundations."—Heb. xi. 10.

"The holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride for her husband."—Rev. xxi. 2.

'Twas far from him, Thy servant, Lord, of old,
Jerusalem;
That city new, home of our God foretold,
Jerusalem;
'Twas distant then, those ages long ago,
How distant still, to Thy poor flock below!

Only a tomb, and paradise is gained;
A few short days,
And all this life, this clouded life's explained,
God's present ways.
But oh! this goal, it seems so far away,
Jerusalem, home of th' eternal day.

Beyond the tomb, or rapture 'mid the skies,
This city is ;
Beyond this earth, or circling heavens it lies,
Fair scene of bliss !
Made for new heavens, made for the Lamb's abode,
Jerusalem ! great city of our God.

The Lamb's blest home, with four-square jasper wall,
Jerusalem ;
Built of pure gold, redemption's bridal-hall,
Jerusalem.
No night is there, no lamp, or sun, or moon,
Can shine amid its one unchanging noon.

O glad abode ! God only could prepare,
Jerusalem ;
That city blest, with all things lasting fair,
Jerusalem.
The ages of the promises are o'er,
And God is all in all for evermore.

Full rest of God, which Eden ne'er had known,
Jerusalem ;
No lurking snare, God dwelling with His own,
Jerusalem ;

No flaming sword once turning every way,
But life divine, through one eternal day.

Our lot, dear Lord, is one with Thee to be,
Its light and joy ;
Thy Church's bliss, Thy glory there to see,
Our glad employ ;
'Twill come at last, when all things else are o'er,
This city new, God's home for evermore.



ABRAHAM looked for "a city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."—Heb. xi. 10.

The only such city is the one spoken of in Rev. xxi., which is described by John as descending from God out of heaven.

It is a holy and heavenly city, answering to the description of the city which Abraham saw. God is said to dwell in it as in a city.

It is, moreover, the Lamb's bride. Suggestively to those who love dispensational truth, the bride is nowhere spoken of by that apostle who is the apostle of the mystery, but continually spoken of by the prophets, all whose writings have special reference to Israel and not to the Church.

Israel, therefore, and not the Church, may be looked upon as the bride, the latter holding, if not a nearer, a most distinct

and blessed relationship, "members together of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones."

It is much truly to be a bride, but a bride is not one's own body. Precious pre-eminence of position this, the Church's oneness with Christ. Nearer than names on the palms of the hands, or on the breast; nearer than friends, or sons, or bride, though we are friends and sons, and the Lord in the latter day, and in the eternal state, will have His bride, doubtless the city, New Jerusalem. He will find a portion of His reward resting in her love, and together with Him we shall rest, sharing His joy, and seeing His glory, as the apostle says, "Ever with the Lord."

The scene of this city, as to its chief glory, is the new earth which reminds us of the special promise to Israel that, "as the new heavens and the new earth remain, so shall their seed and their name remain."

The character of its blessedness dispensationally is seen in the description given of it.

The twelve foundations having on them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb, who were apostles to the circumcision; the twelve gates, "names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel."

The precious stones and the gold, such as were pre-eminently known amid the gorgeous ceremonial of Israel.

The Lamb, the glory of it, reminding one of the glory of old, which was in the midst. There is no longer, as in their former glory, a temple for them; the Church, so to speak, *never* had one, and looks only to be with Him. With Him we are glorified together; the Church and Christ are one, forming one new man, so that if *He* be there, we shall be with Him.

The following passages in the Word sufficiently show the past, present, and future, of Israel:—

The Past—

Jer. iii. 14, "I am married unto you."

The Present—

Isa. l. 1, "Where is the bill of your mother's divorcement, whom I have put away . . . for your transgressions is your mother put away."

Hos. ii. 2, "Plead with your mother, plead; for she is not my wife, neither am I her husband."

The Future—

Isa. liv. 4, 5, 6, "Thou shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more, for thy Maker is thine husband. . . . The Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and as a wife of youth when thou wast refused."

Hos. ii. 16, 19, 20, "Thou shalt call me Ishi (my husband), and I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness. I will betroth thee unto me for ever. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness."

PRESENT HOPE.

"I am the resurrection and the life,"—John ii. 25.

SWEET that word of Thine, O Jesus!—

"I the resurrection am :"

From among the dead it frees us,

We believing in Thy name.

Dearest Saviour,

Let us now Thy love proclaim.

Should we *die*, then resurrection !

Then the glorious "mystery!"

Raised to know a long perfection,

In Thy likeness we shall be.

In a moment

Raised to immortality.

They who *live*, on earth remaining

Till Thy coming, ne'er shall die,

Never need a resurrection,—

Simply gathered to the sky :

In a moment,

In the twinkling of an eye.

Thus, in living or in dying,
We have here a wondrous word ;
On that faithful word relying,
We are happy in the Lord ;
For in living,
Or in dying,
Life and joy it doth afford.

Grieve we not for loved ones sleeping,
When so soon they 'll rise again ;
Better look for days of greeting,
Days of resurrection gain :
Blissful greetings
Wait us 'mid that glittering train.

Oh, what songs of hallelujah
Then will burst with glad accord !
Loud, triumphant songs ascending,
Giving glory to the Lord !
Songs ascending,
Never ending,
Harpers harping with each word.

'Mid the promised incorruption,
'Mid the glorious mystery,

L

Death and sin, in long destruction,
Swallowed up in victory !

In the image
Of the heavenly we shall be.

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! 'mid the skies !

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

From our ransomed tongues shall rise !

Oh, what glory
To have gained our long-loved "prize !"



"I AM the resurrection and the life." He is the resurrection to those who die, and the life to those who remain; some will not die for, says Paul, "We shall not all sleep (shall not all die), but we shall all be changed." On the holy mount we have a sample of both these: we have Moses, who did die; and Elijah, who did not die, but was changed. Said the Lord to Martha, "He that believeth in Me, though he *were* dead, yet shall he live" (he raised); "and he that liveth" (is alive at His coming), "and believeth on Me, *shall never die.*" We personally must be in one or other of these. Meanwhile, we are not ignorant concerning them that sleep, nor do we sorrow as those who have no hope.

Dear, sweet sleepers ! They will be the first to be in the glad resurrection scene. They will be raised before the living are changed.

I never come across this verse (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17) without taking a loving glance at our sleeping ones—our fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers. Peace to their memories! “They that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. And this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we, which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord.” Where?—On the earth? No, not then. At the judgment? Not then; not *here* at all, but “*in the air.*” The Lord does not, *then*, come to the earth, but we are *caught up* to Him, “*in the air*: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.”

It would seem as if, if I may so speak, there are three paths of glory, intimately related. The path from the earth to the air, in which corruption will be changed to incorruption, and the mortal put on immortality. And the second from the air to the Father’s house, the house of which He speaks when He says, “I go to prepare a place for you.” And the third from the Father’s house to take possession of the inheritance over which, as in Rev. v., we shall reign with Him in glory. But, in all these, and whatever else there may be in our endless future, we shall be “for ever with the Lord.”



PATIENCE OF HOPE.

"But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."—
Rom. viii. 25.

How lengthen'd are these earthly dreams,
The age is getting old ;
The "little while" how long it seems,
Our hopes are growing cold.

But, Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee,
It cannot now be long ;
Bright visions of Thyself we see,
The time is coming on.

Blessed Promiser ! Thy faithful word,
Our souls still crave for Thee :
What joy Thy coming will afford,
What bliss Thyself to see !

How sweet the hour which finds us freed !
(Thy weary pilgrims here) ;
Oh, heaven of heavens 'twill be indeed,
To know and feel Thee near !

Our hearts with rapture through and through,
Will then Thy sweetness own ;
Will see that all Thy word was true,
And worship Thee alone.

Ah ! then farewell these earthly dreams,
This weary age, now old ;
This " little while," which endless seems,
These present hopes, so cold.

And farewell all that now I see,
Of sin and death around ;
" For ever with the Lord " to be,
And in His likeness found.

His glory and His joy above,
Are we through endless days ;
He the dear object of our love,
And our eternal praise.



SPEAK TO ME, LORD.

"The voice of my Beloved."—Song of Solomon ii. 8.

My soul, withdrawn from all things present here,
Now waits her best Beloved's voice to hear ;
Reveal Thyself, dear Lord ! Thy face I'd see,
All else is one dark wilderness to me ;
Thy secret owning freshens all my love,
And bids each murmuring of my heart remove.

Speak to me, Lord, that I may inly know
More of Thy wondrous life, Thy death of woe ;
Much more Thy love—its preciousness reveal,
Much more on me Thy perfect image seal ;
Such likeness, through Thy Spirit, I would wear,
E'en now much more Thy full resemblance bear.

Speak to me, Lord, of Thy most precious blood,
Drawn from those open wounds—that cleansing flood !
Make sure its power my inmost thoughts within,
And peace and freedom give through death for sin.
My heart can only find its true repose,
As thus the value of Thy blood it knows

Speak to me, Lord, of Thy deep, perfect joy,
On Thee alone I would my praise employ;
Oh, I have found it blest indeed to be
Rapt in the thought of Thy vast ecstasy!
The Shepherd—joy Thou hast o'er Thy dear sheep
Is that which makes their joy in Thee so sweet.

Speak to me, Lord, much more of Thy blest ways;
Who knows Thee most, will most declare Thy praise:
Still show what's wrong in word or thought in me,
By sight of perfectness divine in Thee.
Jesus! to share the secrets of Thy breast
Is the sure pledge of holiest, happiest rest.

Ah, Lord! Thou soon wilt give to those who keep
Each word of Thine, in fond obedience sweet,
The secret manna—and wilt gracious own,
Engraven pure upon that living stone,
The new, blest, promised name, which no man knows,
But who, when tried, in such obedience grows.

O secret joy! this promised food of heaven;
And secret love! this blood-bought new name given;
What gladness in that coming day to see
This joy! this love! this holy sympathy!
But say, can such a worthless one as I
E'er have from Thee, my Lord, such love, such joy?

O love divine ! how sweet that love at last,
When present death, and present ills are past ;
O everlasting joy ! how deep, how high,
To see Thee, blessed Lord, and be for ever nigh ;
Thy weakest one on earth, through Thy blest name,
Such joy, such love, eternal may obtain.



I HAVE been thinking how, in the coming glory, individual approval by Christ will be among its most precious joys.

The secret name on the white stone will give *secret* delight. The Church may fail, but individuals, in the midst of corruption, will overcome. Hidden manna and a white stone are to be given to them. What a gift, each of these, beloved ! Sweet the state of soul which now covets such gifts, and such a Giver. It is *Himself*, the blessed Giver gives, for He is the manna ; not for admiration ; not for adoring so much, though He is for these, but for a *feast* for His loved ones who have overcome. And what a feast ! They will not feast on what is sparse or small, but on Himself ; on that which will eternally satisfy. How our souls long for this. The manna of old was *seen*, and known to all. This is *hidden* manna ; some sweetness, some preciousness never before revealed or known ; some joy, some love, never before imagined or conceived. Do we not seem to know that there are such unrevealed glories in the blessed Lord, and that our souls have a capacity to feed on them, yea, to feed on Him for ever. And that stone ! a *white* stone, all perfectness, with a new name. He knew the name He had for

Abram and for Jacob. How sweet to them when they also knew ; so will it be in the glory to those who overcome. Our souls will be ravished with His love, which cannot do too much for us.

What communion now, beloved, when we can drink from His joy, feed from His love ! He had joy and love which were from before creation, before dispensations, and are independent of them. The glory is only of yesterday ; nay, is not yet ; but the love, which gave the glory, is eternal—the love of the Father. When our souls are low, and we are faint, we must *eat* of the manna. “This is the bread which the Lord hath given *us to eat*.” Sweet, hidden manna ! What *restored* communion when we get into His own joy, the joy which He has in and over us !



HEART BREATHINGS.

"We groan, being burdened."—2 Cor. v. 4.

I'm weary, I'm weary with words such as mine,
My Saviour! to tell forth Thy praises divine.
I would, but I cannot, for love is so cold;
I would, but I cannot, Thy beauties unfold.

I'm weary, I'm weary, my Saviour, to be
Where love is not measured by present degree;
Where the anthems of glory eternally roll,
And the joy of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

I'm weary to gaze on that face which had tears,
For the Lord, He once suffered strong cryings and fears;
I'm weary to look on the brow that was torn,
For the Lord, He was pierced with nail and with thorn,

I'm weary to crown Him—the Lamb that was slain,
And never more grieve Him or doubt Him again;
Of sin I am weary, and life such as mine;
And I long for a service completely divine!

I'm weary of even what once was so dear ;—
Compared with my Saviour there's nothing can cheer ;
All truth and all labours, and even *the word*—
How blessed soever—they are not *the Lord*.

I'm weary when grace doth most gladden my soul :
'Tis then that I long for the measureless whole ;
As streams to the ocean do earnestly flow,
So panteth my soul her full portion to know.

I'm weary for *Jesus*,—'tis Him I would see !
I want in His presence for ever to be ;
He suffered that I, who had nothing but sin,
Should find all my heaven for ever in Him,



THE COMRADE'S SONG.

"I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ
Jesus."—Phil. iii. 14.

COME on, come on, my comrades,
Nor linger here below ;
But looking for the glory,
We all go on together,
In Jesus' footsteps go.

Come on, come on, my comrades,
Though some may faint and die ;
We all shall meet in glory,
We all shall meet together,
Triumphant in the sky.

Come on, come on, dear comrades,
No alienated band,
But looking for the glory,
With hearts all joined together
In love—the Lord's command,

No starless crown, dear comrades ;
But crowns with many a star,
Should gleam amid the glory,
All sparkling bright together,
For Him whose right they are.

Work on, work on, dear comrades,
'Mid scorn, and hate, and care ;
They're nothing to the glory,
The glory, which together
With Jesus we shall share.

March on, march on, my comrades,
The hosts of hell are near ;
The Lord leads on to glory,
He leads us on together,
And fills us with His fear.

Be strong in Him, dear comrades,
He died to gain the strife ;
And soon will come in glory,
Soon take us up together,
Soon give the crown of life.

THE WATCHMAN'S CRY.

"The night is far spent."—Rom. xiii. 12.

WATCHMEN! the words repeat—
Good night, dear friends, good night :
We're out, each one, upon our beat :
Good night, dear friends, good night !

We part at dead of night,
To tread each one our way ;
We careful watch till morning light ;
We meet again at day.

Some watch in crowded place,
And some in lonely way ;
Some weary are to *see His* face,
And *longing are*, they say.

For, lo ! His word is true !
Our watch-word—oh, how dear !—
"I'll come again," He says, "for you,"—
For you at dawn appear.

We, all, are of the light,
And children of the day ;
And many are the sons of night
Who join us on the way.

We 're nearer now than when
We first His name believed ;
“ *Surely,*” He says, “ *I come again :*”
We *cannot* be deceived.

I charge thee, brother, watch,
For all is dark and dead ;
From zenith to horizon round,
No shadow yet hath fled.

I charge thee meet at morn,
The golden hues, how dear :
Brother ! our Head will soon return,
To call us watchers near.

I charge ye, watchmen, all
To mark the night—how dead !
And loud to one another call,
When the first shadow's fled.

Till then—good night ! good night !
Work on, and “watch,” and “pray ;”
We part each one *at dead of night*,
To MEET AGAIN AT DAY !

FLOWERS may grow along the Alps, and feathers even may float upon the deep, but it is the tall Alp and the solemn deep we see. Thus we forget all the mere incidents and vicissitudes of the present, when we are out upon the coming glory. It is in the presence of this hope we bid “farewell”—like those German watchmen, who, ere they go out, each one on his beat at night, say, “Brother, farewell ; we part at night, we meet at sunrise ;” so we repeat, brother, farewell ; sister, farewell ; we meet at dawn. Meanwhile, we are on our several beats ; some to far-off lands and cities, others to labour at home ; but if believing in Jesus, we shall meet in the morning light—at the true sunrise, when our gathering together will be unto Him—in the dawn of the cloudless day ; we shall assemble in the Father’s house ; yea, in the very home of our God, where we shall *no more go out*, but abide in His presence for ever.

PARTING HYMN.

"Our gathering together unto Him."—2 Thess. ii. 1.

'When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him
in glory.'—Col. iii. 4.

Yes, we part, but not for ever—
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
They who love the Saviour never
Know a long, a last farewell.
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.

Sweet this hour of benediction,
When such unions come to mind—
When each holy heart-conviction,
With the promises combined,
Tell of meetings
By the Lord for us designed.

M

O what meetings are before us !
Brighter far than tongue can tell—
Glorious meetings to restore us
HIM with whom we long to dwell.
With what raptures
Will the sight our passions swell !
Now indeed we meet and sever ;
Chequered is our transient day ;
Life's best flowers perish, ever
Tending to a long decay.
Fairest flowers
Bud, and bloom, and die away.
Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures—
Soon will fade this earth away ;
Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures
Wait the full redemption-day.
Hail the rising
Of the wished-for new-born ray !
Thus we part, but not for ever—
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell ;
They who love the Saviour never—
Know a last, a long farewell.
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.

Thus upon the coming morrow,
Leaving scenes I love so well,
Joy shall blend with chastened sorrow
As I bid you each farewell!
Thus I leave you,
Dearest friends! Farewell!—Farewell!



THE COMING GLORY.

“Ever with the Lord.”—1 Thess. iv. 17.

Oh! what shall I do, Lord, when first I behold
Thyself in the glory so often foretold?
What moment of rapture, the highest for me,
When once I shall see Thee, and near Thee shall be.

Say, shall I indulge, Lord, low down at thy feet,
My soul in the thought of her portion so great?
Or shall I, forgetful of all I may be,
Think only of what is so blessed in Thee?

Oh, fain would I rest on Thy bosom so dear;
Thou, blessed Lord Jesus, wilt welcome me there;
Thy words, and Thy love, and Thy joy all divine,
Will show how completely Thou ownest me Thine.

How could I thus near Thee, 'mid glory so fair,
Turn off my fond gaze from Thy preciousness there,
Unless it were looking more fully to know
What streams from Thy presence for ever must flow? .

With harp for my hand, or a crown for my brow,
How could I on *them* my first moments bestow?
It seems as if thousands of ages must roll
Ere aught but Thyself could engage my rapt soul.

To dwell on Thy saints e'en, their rapture and love,
How blessed soever their portion above,
Were nothing, though they are Thy truest delight,
Like gazing on Thee, Lord, transcendently bright.

Oh! this be my worship, sweet worship of heaven!
To gaze on those hands, and those feet which were riven;
To see my Beloved, and own Him as mine,
And know I am His in His deep love divine.

Ah, Lord! I will leave it for that coming day,
When Thou in the glory wilt mark out my way,
Assured that, whatever that glory may be,
I shall find all my heaven for ever in Thee.

Meanwhile, for this glory my spirit must wait,
And count all but dross for a glory so great;
What oceans on oceans e'er long will o'erflow
Of "love passing knowledge" eternal to know.

Then come, oh, Lord Jesus, yea, come quickly, now, .
Thy Church waits to see Thee, Thy now radiant brow ;
Content in Thy presence for ever to be,
She 'll cast all her crowns, blessed Jesus, to Thee.



WHAT SHALL we do when we find ourselves there in all *His* manifested glory ? And at a moment too when we *shall* be *glorious*—a “glorious Church” without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, and presented to the Father in the power of an endless life ! Time and age in that glory will only bring increasing power and strength. Now time brings weakness, failure ; but then, power, deepening affection, knowledge, appreciation, and glory, *ever* deepening, brightening, widening ; boundless affection, which will know no chill ; millions upon millions of years, the constant flow of whose peace, and joy, and ceaseless praise, will know no interruption ; the eye feasting upon the beauty and glory of the Beloved ; the heart with an infinite capacity to know and understand the secrets of *His* love ; the whole soul ineffably occupied with what is in Him ; and the soul will go on finding out more and more of Him as the eternal Son, and who as God’s glorified Man, is the one centre of all.

We sometimes sing, “ Our face like *His* shall shine ; ” not, I had almost said, that we shall know anything about *our* faces shining—we shall not have a thought about ourselves ; believe me, heaven will make very little of ourselves. We shall forget

ourselves ; at times forget one another there. For, albeit, I might be going into the glory thinking, "the first person I meet may, perhaps, be my child, or some other, waiting to welcome me : " but when I see *Him*, and when His face meets mine, I shall forget all others. There will be no merely natural relationships there ; and there will be nothing to interfere with the everlasting absorption of the soul in the Lord Himself.

Say, is this the heaven we are expecting ; or are we thinking more of place than of person, more of things, or of glory itself, than of Him, the glorified ONE—the *Man* Christ Jesus ? The greatest thing which the Word shows us as ours is, that we are to be "FOR EVER WITH THE LORD."

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